

Leslie's Weekly

OCTOBER 29, 1921

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BENJAMIN DE CASSERES, whose page of eccentric but philosophical humor is a regular feature of *Judge*, is probably one of the most popular of our American writers, who are working in a light and popular vein. Stop at a convenient news stand and "Judge for yourself."

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Do you know how to avoid embarrassment at exclusive restaurants?



Do you know the correct etiquette of the theatre and opera?

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"NOT ONLY IN THE EAST"

By HERBERT COREY

Illustrated by GORDON ROSS



NE reason why I am writing this is that I am under conviction. I feel as I did at my first camp meeting, when he who stood between me and the mourner's bench did so at his peril.

To me the coming parley on the hoped-for reduction in armament is something more than an effort to straighten out the situation in the Far East. It is more than an attack on the high cost of battleships. It is distinctly not a Sir Galahad romp to the rescue of that distressed damsel, China. It is a second Declaration of Independence in almost as large type as the first one. Perhaps I am wrong, but follow my reasoning.

Before I go any further let me admit that this article is apt to give many worthy people a deal of pain. It isn't diplomatic. It is not regarded as good statesmanlike form for a correspondent to admit that there may, perhaps, be any cause of difference with any nation that fought Germany during the war. And we Washington correspondents specialize in statesmanship. It is much better to allege that this is an innocent, wide-eyed attempt to bring peace on earth, good-will to men—to beat our new twenty-inch guns into tractors and our new cruisers into bumboats than to charge that this is a notification to the British Empire that we have separated again. It is a distressing thing to suggest that we may be looking at the Son of Heaven and thinking of John Bull.

The encouraging feature in the case is that I may be wrong.

If I am wrong I have only myself to blame. No one in authority told me. The State Department not only did not tell any one any such a thing, but has gone to a lot of kindly trouble to prevent any one even thinking such a thing. Speaking as a reporter, the daily conferences of the press with the Washington

officials make me think of nothing so much as the two o'clock matinee in the establishment of a chicken feeder of my acquaintance. At that hour a kind-faced attendant seizes the chickens, one by one, pries their bills open, inserts a small spout and steps on a foot pedal. At once the day's ration gushes into the fowl's interior and he is put back in a darkened coop to calm himself and grow fat. It may be there is no direct resemblance between the press conferences and chicken feeding. Yet it is an indisputable fact that at three and six o'clock each morning I violently desire to crow.

Be that as it may, the conviction that the parley to come is a disguised suggestion to John Bull was a matter of slow growth. I do not believe that the Washington reporters took the parley seriously when it was first announced. They are blasé. They are a tired and pessimistic lot who do not believe that any one can or will make the world better. For years they have been soaked in parleys, agreements, but-and-if clauses, and eloquence. They have been alternately thrilled by the most enlightened sentiments and pained to observe that the speakers continued to watch their hats. When they learned that Mr. Hughes planned to eliminate strife they said, loudly:

"What! Another?"

Many were asked why Mr. Hughes had called this parley. I am new in this Washington game. No man is a successful correspondent here until he has worn down his canine teeth biting on the quarters offered in the course of each day. One's chief duty is to search for hidden meanings. The day's work resembles the insane pictures that country newspapers used to print, and in which the reader is invited to discover first a woodpile and then a negro.

Not one of them suggested that the invitation to other nations might be accepted at its face value. Some admitted, tapping their tired lips with transparent

fingers, that they didn't know why it had been sent out. Some opined that Senator Borah had dropped the worm that dieth not into the Administration's bosom. Others held that it was desirable to divert the attention of the people from the nightly bootleg battles in the adjacent alley. One ardent section believed it designed to hide an effort to break and enter the backdoor of the League of Nations. Others saw in it an overture toward a new world association.

Then the chicken feeding began. I am loath to say a thing like this about myself and my fellow reporters. It is understood that we are perfect demons on a trail and that we occupy a position in Washington's official society on the same plane and about half way between Sir Eric Geddes and William J. Burns. But it is a fact that we called twice a day on the Secretary of State and other officials and were treated with the most delightful courtesy and told a lot of things that were brand new to us. It may be that there were other things that we were not told,



and it is a fact that one does not heckle a State official. One's fellow-chickens would be the first to peck at one if one were so bold as to attempt a heckling.

Likewise there are very few hecklers in the world equipped to heckle Mr. Secretary Hughes and get out of the room alive. Lest I may be pinched for space later on I wish to state now that he is regarded in Washington as one of the heftiest Americans that have appeared hereabouts for a generation. That may sound like extravagant praise and is intended only as a statement of personal admiration and fright. But he is one of the few diplomats we have had recently who can watch a friend's little finger in a card game without giving offense. So that, what with one thing and another, we have never heckled Mr. Hughes.

Nor would he be deserving of his reputation as a diplomat if he told us all he might have told each day. He has been naturally desirous of what is technically known as a "good press." He not only wished to display a national solidarity to the visitors but he would refrain from sprinkling salt in any open wounds they might possess. He has achieved both ends by a sort of cordial subtlety. He has been candid in stating his desires and he has been careful in putting the international situation before us. Likewise he has been greatly aided by what might be called a facial mannerism. When he is most in earnest he is sometimes overcome by what seems to be a smile. Whereupon the reporter, always anxious to please, cordially smiles back. Then he discovers to his horror that Mr. Hughes hasn't smiled at all. Nothing has been further from his intent. One's smile slowly dissipates under the disintegrating influence of what is almost a glare. It is extremely enervating.

Therefore—if I make myself clear—Mr. Hughes has with the utmost righteousness of intent and yet not without a certain guile directed our attention away from the shell under which the nimble pea of this parley matter is hidden. The reader will understand that this is not merely an expression of approval for the fact but of admiration for the skill with which the act was accomplished. It having been finally settled in our minds that this is not an attempt either to kill or cure the League of Nations we have tramped manfully along the bidden paths. We have danced to Mr. Hughes's piping. When our attention was fixed upon the Island of Yap or the mandates of the naval race it remained fixed until Mr. Hughes snapped his finger.

Now, let us go back a bit. When the subject of the parley was first broached there were suspicions in London that it was the Anglo-Jap treaty that was the target and not at all the excessive cost of policing the Pacific. There were confirmatory evidences in Washington. It

was announced on apparent authority that the treaty would not be renewed because of the opposition of some of the dominions. A period of quiet was followed by the half-hidden statement that the treaty had not been renewed, it is true, but that under an almost forgotten clause it remained in effect pending action. Every one ceased talking of the treaty. The first move in the game had been made and checked. The attention of Washington seemed directed toward the East. It seemed our one concern was to reach an amicable understanding with Nippon.

But—to go back a little further—there were happenings during the war

selves with the Allies that some of us felt we were almost merged in the Empire.

That is not a healthy attitude. A reading of history makes it plain that Great Britain has not been wholly right in every war. There is even now a question over the precise meaning of the freedom of the seas. She might be very wrong indeed in the next war. It is desirable then from the point of view of those who feel this way, that Great Britain be warned as courteously as possible that a repetition of the rough stuff really will not do. Once has been enough. It is partly to this end, as every one knows, that an elaborate program of battleship building was outlined in the United States.

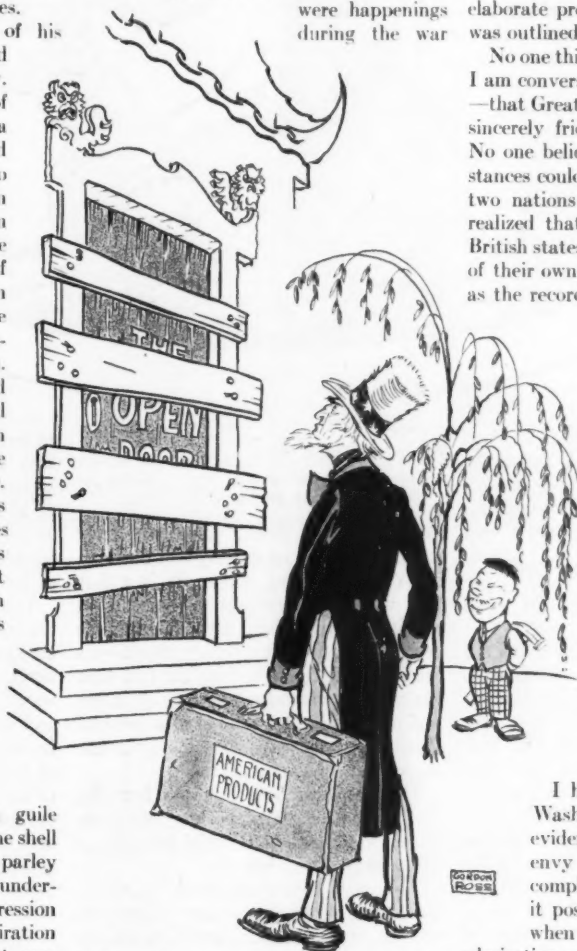
No one thinks in Washington—so far as I am conversant with the secret thinking—that Great Britain is anything less than sincerely friendly to the United States. No one believes that any set of circumstances could arise which might draw the two nations into war. But it is also realized that it is the bounden duty of British statesmen to consider the interests of their own people first and that so far as the records disclose they have always

cut close to their duty. There is the most sincere appreciation here of the warm, not to say rich and plastic, words of friendship which are continually crossing the sea, bound west. But there is an element of Washington society which feels that if Great Britain really feels as deeply as she seems to feel, even a single deed along the same line as the words would not be misunderstood.

The deed in question is the denouncing of the treaty between the British Empire and Japan.

I have been prying around in Washington, trying to find some evidence of Jap-hatred, or Jap-envy or Jap-fear. And I have completely failed. I do not think it possible that I can be wrong when I say that there is a real

admiration on the part of many leaders in both parties for the energy and courage and self-sacrifice which are so marked in the Japanese national character. There has been a certain friction over the matter of Californian immigration, but this seems not to have been felt deeply, except by the Californians themselves. The average politician takes the view that Japan has no cause for complaint, inasmuch as she does the same thing in Japan that we do in California and does it harder. Likewise that the barring out of any people, white, brown or speckled, is a matter which concerns us alone, this being our land, and that it will not be considered at the arms parley. If we are barred from Japan the barred indivi-



"If that door is not opened, we will know who nailed it shut, and why, and who passed the nails."

that left a tiny scratch across the clear surface of our understanding with Great Britain. Our ships had been seized and our toes stepped on and our mails interfered with. It happened that as a people we believed with all our hearts in the justice of the British cause. To have openly resented these actions would have been equivalent to taking up arms for an unjust cause. Some of our leading citizens were bell-mouthed, too, in holding that Great Britain was wholly justified in her acts. Long before we actually went to war we had so far identified our-

duals may grieve but none of the rest of us are apt to get badly heated over it.

But there is a fear that if Japan is not restrained in her course sooner or later the world will be dumped into the midst of another war. The world is sadly in need of work and trade just now and as it recovers its health and sanity it will be even more desperate in pursuit of commerce. The United States may not have suffered as much as some of the other nations, but that fact does not occur in Washington as a reason why we should not continue to do a trans-Pacific business in the years to come. The best potential market in sight just now is China—bursting with riches and customers in spite of revolutions and famines—and more friendly to us than any other country in the whole world.

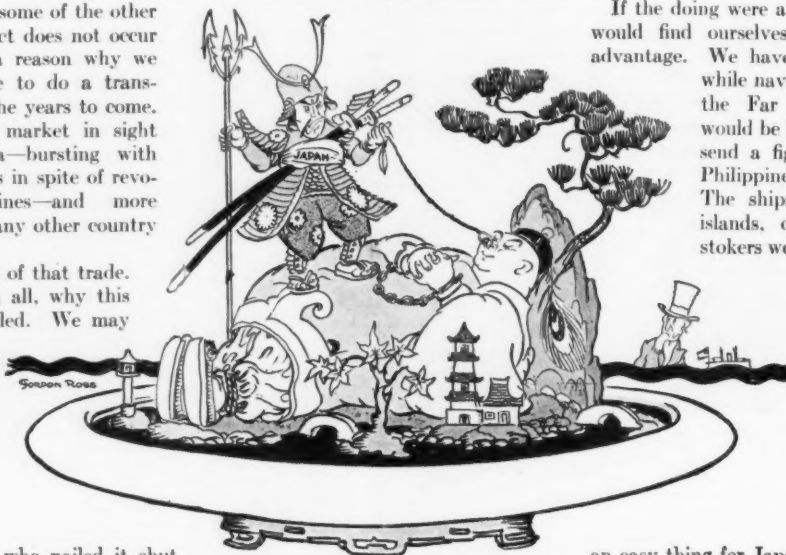
We want our part of that trade. That is, underneath all, why this parley has been called. We may not succeed in re-opening that door which has been so firmly nailed shut by Japan during the past six years. But if that door is not opened—make no mistake about this—we will know who nailed it shut, and why, and who passed the nails. There will be a perfectly clear understanding between the United States on the one hand, and all the other nations on the other. There will be no pretense on our part that we are pleased with the situation. To speak bluntly, the world will be just that much nearer war.

I must reiterate at this point that I am expressing my personal convictions. No one else is to be held responsible for what I have said. But the facts are sufficiently clear, if one will but look at them unblinded. During the war, Japan was able to hog-tie, brand and ear-mark a good part of China for her own purposes. She had begun the process years before, but it was under cover of the European war that she was chiefly successful. She jammed down China's throat a variety of agreements, as a result of which not only the United States but all other nations—including her treaty-mate Great Britain—are practically barred from some of the tidbits of the Chinese market.

The Chinese did not agree willingly. They resisted as well as they could, but they were given no help. The United States did make a very plain statement of its refusal to give assent to the Japanese rape of the Chinese markets, but nothing else was done. We could not resort to force at the time. Japan was an ally against Germany and we wanted to see Germany whipped. We felt—and came as nearly saying as the practices of diplomacy warrant—that Japan had put herself in possession of stolen goods. But

we did nothing more. Since then she has so completely possessed herself of the means of transportation and communication that she is in absolute control of the situation in Southern Manchuria and Shantung.

Perhaps I should blush to make the statement that follows: We have for years been fed so high on noble sentiments that we have almost forgotten that it takes



"During the war Japan was able to hog-tie, brand and ear-mark a good part of China for her own purposes."

money to buy steak. We are slowly returning to a more earthly and common sense and practical plane. It is a fact that while we deprecate the manner in which China has been treated—that we cry aloud that she has been wronged—we are more deeply moved by the fact that her markets are barred to us. It is too bad about China, but it is also too bad about ourselves. We must have our fair share of that Chinese trade.

This need has been put in a formula: The Open Door must be kept open, we have said, and the territorial integrity of China must be preserved.

This was first enunciated by Caleb Cushing seventy years ago. Each succeeding American administration has upheld the principle. We have never wanted so much land in the East as could be covered by the sole of a shoe, but we do insist on having the same freedom to trade that other people have. We do propose to see that China shall not be continued as a vassal nation—to our enduring detriment—by any such subterfuge as the control of railroads or banks or police systems.

No one, as I have said, thinks of blaming Japan for what she did under cover of the Great War. Japan, after all, is not an old nation in its international relations. Its political standards are, perhaps, not as high as we of the West insist our standards are. Further, whatever she did in China has been done before by her

Western rivals. From every point of view, Japan has a good political defense. The nub of the present matter, however, is that no matter how excellent her technical position may be, as a matter of fact she is dominating China, to the injury of that nation, to the possible endangering of the world, and to the lessening of our potential profits. Hence something must be done about it.

If the doing were a military affair, we would find ourselves at a grave disadvantage. We have no really worthwhile naval bases in being in the Far Eastern seas. It would be impossible for us to send a fighting fleet to the Philippines in time of war. The ships could reach the islands, of course, but the stokers would be scraping the bunker bottoms on arrival. An enemy based on the nearby Japanese coast need only wait for our ships to die. Without coal and oil they could not move and it would be

an easy thing for Japan to see to it that they should not get coal and oil. We might, perhaps, borrow the British port of Hong-Kong—we might borrow it, I said—or other Eastern ports from other friendly nations to whom we have been endeared by our prosperity.

What would actually happen is that the Japanese would immediately take the Philippine Islands. The War and Navy Departments do not consider this a matter worth argument. Then a long, tedious and costly process of drainage would set in, which would be ended, in the belief of every good American, by the victory of the American treasury over the Japanese treasury. We have plenty of money and we can get plenty more. Neither can be said of the Japanese. But there is not much glory to be won in that sort of a fight.

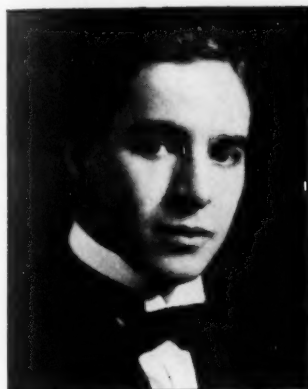
Without fit bases in the East (note: we can have a base on Guam which would be the key to the whole Pacific the moment that Congress will appropriate the money) and being thereby completely incapacitated so far as an immediately successful war with Japan is concerned, in the improbable event that such a war should come about, it became the duty of the Administration to make our Eastern marches safe. If there is no cause of quarrel there will presumably be no quarrel. Washington feels that as all we want is fair play—as we do not want anything that is not shared in common by all nations—there can be no good reasons for refusing us.

Even if Japan gives up her present
(Continued on page 603)

SMOTHERED IN STAR DUST

A Gasping Public Demands That Movie Folk Regulate Their Pace to Their Responsibilities

By HARRY CARR, Associate-Editor, Los Angeles Times



FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS
Our 20th Century Charles the Great.
Compared to him Cræsus was only an
ordinary citizen.



COURTESY FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP'N

Says Mr. Carr in this article: "The real millionaire's home couldn't hold a candle to some of the millionaire sets built for the DeMille pictures." This is one of them.



ROYAL ATELIER
Other less famous Queen Marys of more
romantic days would have envied this one
her golden harvest.

THAT boy Aladdin was probably sorry afterward that he hadn't asked the management of the Wonderful Lamp for good 7 per cent. well secured bonds or gilt-edged real estate mortgages, instead of demanding so many extravagant art palaces, luscious brides and golden ornaments.

The Aladdins of this world are under a heavy responsibility—from the original Chinese one down to Fatty Arbuckle. And they have usually been careless of their opportunities.

The difficulty is that even the genie of the Wonderful Lamp has had to acknowledge himself stumped by one demand: he cannot seem to provide these golden children of the movies with glass houses that can be seen through a part of the time and part of the time remain charitably opaque. He—the good old genie—has brought them all gorgeous palaces of gold and glass; but they have a high visibility at all times. They are seen through just as plainly at the time of jazz parties and booze festivities as during the periods of glowing heroism.

This is very disturbing. When the movie princes and princesses get new red automobiles and new finger rings and gold shoes or give benefits for the worthy poor



© KENNETH ALEXANDER

"Lilian Gish is, without doubt, one of the great tragediennes of all time."

or starving children they want to be looked at. But when they get divorces, or their affinities commit suicide, or young ladies mysteriously die at their pajama parties—then they ask in a sort of indignant dismay why we look at them instead of at certain naughty clergymen who happen to get frisky at the same time.

In many ways the movies present a curious condition without precedent in the history of the world.

Wealth beyond the wildest dream that avarice ever dared dream, power and influence beyond that of emperors of old, has been placed in the hands of greedy, reckless, flattered children.

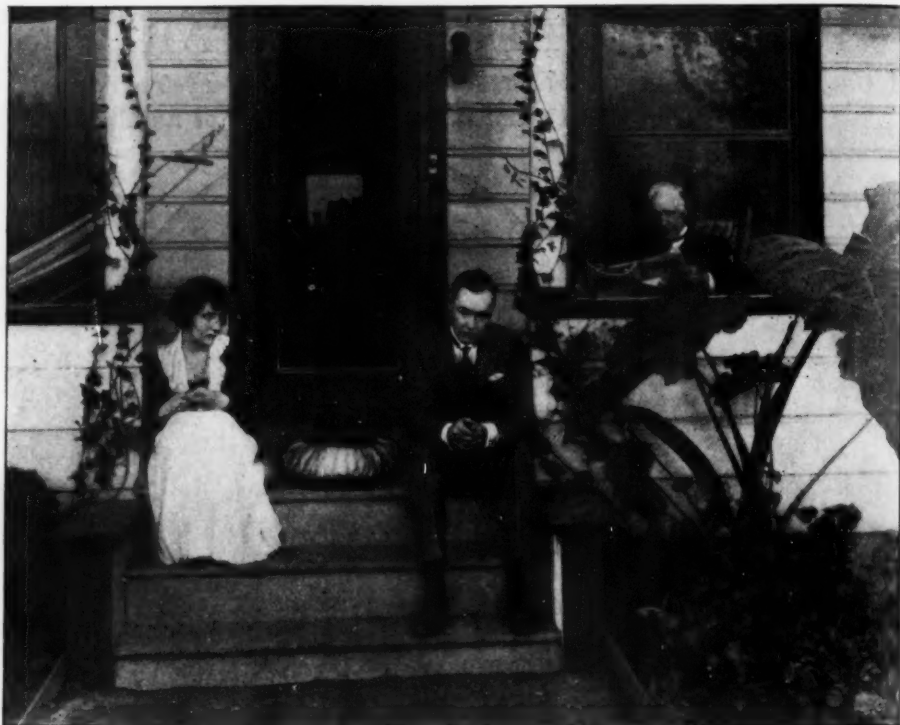
This may sound rather extreme; but if you consider the circumstances, you will have to decide that I am over-conservative.

The richest man among the ancients never dreamed of half the luxuries that have been showered on Fatty Arbuckle—erstwhile cleaner of spittoons in an Arizona saloon. Solomon in all his glory was a piker compared with Fatty when it came to wallowing in the choice delicacies of the world. There has probably never been any son of a rich father who wasted money as lavishly; very few rich men's sons have had such enormous amounts of

actual cash in their jeans to waste. The wildest spenders of the past might well have hesitated at a crap game at \$1,000 a throw—an ordinary and rather a pallid performance for Fatty.

He is perhaps rather exceptional even among movie folk; but there are many others who have stood in floods of gold nearly as huge, without smothering, in the motion picture colony.

I have meekly followed the official guide through sundry and various European palaces provided by more or less grateful nations for the potentates of the earth; I shudder to contemplate the fate of the hapless real-estate agent who might try to rent anything so shabby and tawdry to a movie queen of Hollywood.



COURTESY FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS

Here's a scene from a play which, to a certain extent, reflected the lives of millions of Americans who live in small towns. The effect—for good or for bad—of such movies upon the average man, woman and child is incalculable.



COURTESY UNITED ARTISTS

Richard Barthelmess. He isn't half so great as he is good to look upon. Nevertheless he is a true artist who is making a decided contribution to the silent drama.

During the early part of the war, before America was in it, I saw one of the Czar's hunting palaces in Poland just after the German army had captured it. I give you my word that any movie queen would "jump" her contract and retire in high and terrible wrath if her manager asked her to live in such a place for a week—with its poor decorations and its lack of practical sanitary arrangements.

A kindly Providence has poured down a golden shower upon these movie stars until they have come to consider a golden

shower as normal weather conditions—and spend accordingly.

I pity the poor hard-worked fairy god-mother who may have to come to the fireside of one of the gilded movie people on the usual Christmas Eve the way fairies always do, to ask them to pour out the desire of their hearts. The coach-and-four she would produce from the usual pumpkin would make a sorry showing in the same garage with their specially designed Rolls Royces. I imagine in the end they would send her to a modiste's to have her fairy gown better fitted and perhaps would request her to go to Tiffany's to have a fairy wand made of platinum to replace the unfashionable gold one; "and send the bill to me," they would tell her.

There have been rich folk before this to go tripping disdainfully through a starving old world; but never before in the history of the world has there been so much wealth in the hands of people so young and so little experienced in money and luxuries or so absolutely free to waste it.

Even the Prodigal son had a rich father who knew the value of money. In nine cases out of ten the wealth of the movies has come to families who have never known wealth before. Daughter's face and figure having made a hit with some rich producer, the old man proceeds to give up his job as night watchman down at the packing house and the mother gets dressed up in clothes that scare her to death and moves into a grand house in a neighborhood where nobody will speak to

her. Daughter, meanwhile, has a few comforts of life that would have made Cleopatra open her eyes.

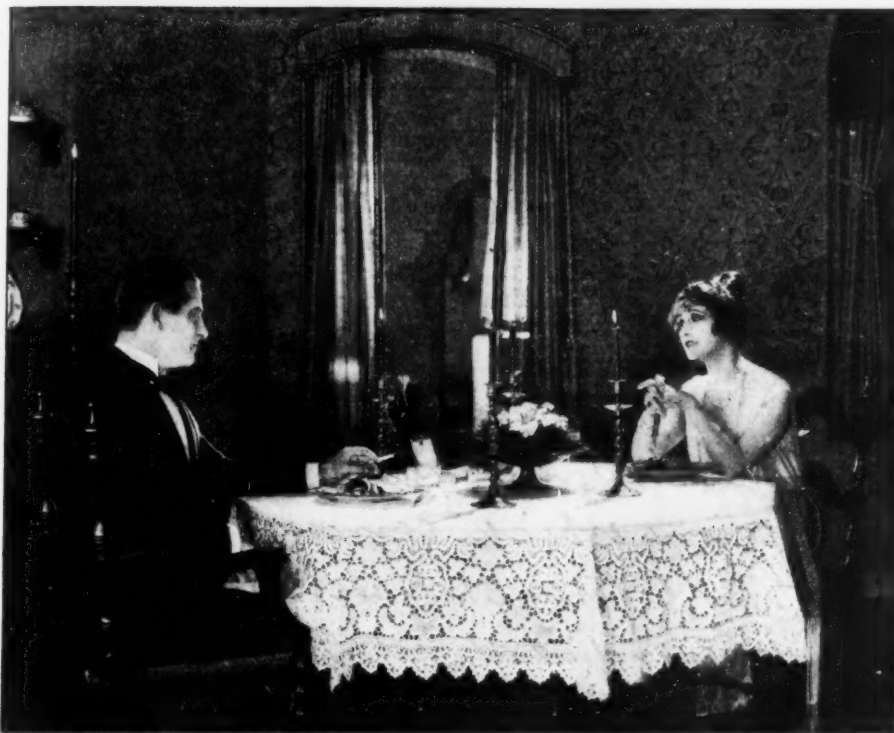
Movie stars, it is true, do not receive the salaries they are supposed to. Nevertheless it is common for a girl still in her teens, without education, without special technical experience or ability, to receive five or six times as much salary as the Chief Justice of the United States.

Whether or not she deserves it is another matter. There is perhaps some point in the contention of the movie star who says:

"I may not know how to act and I may not be educated; and its true I am only nineteen and my old man used to be a street sweeper; still a hundred million people know me and come to the theater because they know my picture is going to be shown. The producer makes millions because the public likes my face; so I am going to have my share of the loot."

If wealth carries with it responsibility, then a heavy responsibility rests upon the movie people. It weighs upon their minds about as hugely as the sunshine upon a butterfly.

But no one need use up much mental wear and tear on the wasteful wealth of the movies; it will not be there very long. In ten years from now the gilt will wear off these golden idols. Just now it is like the first rush of the Argonauts into a new gold country. Everyone is so excited about picking up nuggets that they do not bother about law, order or commercial system. Presently the movies will get down to established business principles with small salaries, smaller profits (fair



© COURTESY FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP.'S

In thousands of picture palaces people are getting the opportunity to see how their wealthier neighbors live. "If," says Mr. Carr, "we turn out to be a nation with rotten bad taste there is only one agency to blame for it."

rough-handed farm wife, whose back has already begun to bend from work, walks with romance through the bright Elysian fields. She stands in the news films by the side of kings as they review their troops; she visits native tribes in strange dark corners of Africa; she makes flying visits through the Swiss Alps. she attends great court functions to which only the elect of the earth are bidden; she exchanges intimate smiles with the President of the United States; she stands in the Vatican and sees the Pope at closer range than most of his Cardinals have seen him. To her, great savants explain the mysteries of science—how the birds nest and the flowers unfold. No great king of the past ever had jesters so unctuous or so won-

interest instead of trebling their capital on a single picture) and smaller admission fees. Then the Aladdins will be sorry that they didn't ask for something that would last when the old genie of the Wonderful Lamp was hanging around.

What impresses me most are those other responsibilities that lie upon the movie folk—responsibilities that have nothing to do with their wealth or their scandals—responsibilities that will grow greater with time.

We are only beginning dimly to realize this. The darlings of the movies—bless their chiffon souls—do not realize it at all, dimly or otherwise. They just load up the old cannon and jump for joy at the explosion. They never even wonder where the shell went. Or if it hit anybody.

Now the cold fact is that the motion picture has become the strongest influence in modern civilization. I'm not at all sure that it is not the strongest medium for influencing public opinion that the world has ever known.

How many of their loyal subjects do you suppose ever actually felt the personal influence of King Solomon, or Alexander the Great, or even Napoleon? To most of the subjects of King Solomon that great king and teacher was nothing but a vague name with which the tax collector terrified them. But Charlie Chaplin is an actual and intimate part of the lives of more people than were in the whole world at the time of Solomon. Mary Pickford is the best-known woman who ever lived in the world. Now, at the

height of her reign, she is known to a hundred times more people than ever heard of Cleopatra during the lifetime of that illustrious vamp.

Mary Pickford has come in direct personal contact through her pictures with more people than have all the great teachers and missionaries who ever lived in the world put together. Anyone who doubts this statement has only to inquire for a few facts about the areas of modern motion picture distribution.

Many wiseacres wag their solemn heads and say that it's lucky that the movies do not realize their power or they might be a terrific force. That is to say, they might some day decide Tammany elections or be used in labor disputes.

I don't doubt that they will be put to effective and often vicious use in these ways—but how futile and trivial will this conscious influence be in comparison with the unconscious and almost terrible influence they now wield.

Let us take the case of the wife of a Dakota farmer I happen to know.

She was married as a very young girl and went to live on a prairie farm twenty miles the other side of nowhere. Her father and mother were immigrants, barely able to read and write. Her husband is a stout, chuckle-headed, hard-working Norwegian farm boy who was born in the next county.

Once a week they hitch up the farm horses and come fifteen miles to the store. Part of going to the store is going to the movies.

For an hour and a half a week this



HOOVER ART CO.

Charles Ray, who, like Richard Barthelmess, has brought a "certain sincere wistful humor to the screen." His contribution to the art of the film is by no means negligible.

derful as those who perform for her.

When she goes back home at sundown, fortified for the long, dark ride through the night, her heart is aglow and her soul is full of blossoms.

The movies are her magazine—her theater—her college—and her *confidante*.

To an even greater degree the movies influence Miss O'Toole, who lives on Eighth Avenue and who goes to the movies so often that her heart and soul

(Continued on page 602)

A MESSAGE OF WELCOME

*From the Commander of The American Legion to Its Distinguished Guests
from Overseas—Written Specially for Leslie's Weekly*

—By John G. Emery—

The Third National Convention of the American Legion which convenes in Kansas City on October 31st will be one of the most significantly representative assemblages ever held in America. The veterans of America's fighting forces, in the name of our whole people will welcome there Marshal Foch of France, Admiral Earl Beatty of Great Britain, General Diaz of Italy, General Baron Jacques of Belgium, who come to us as envoys extraordinary to receive the expressions of the unchanged sentiments which all America holds for the peoples with whom our men fought the fight that saved liberal civilization. Their coming and their reception will be proof that the Atlantic unites rather than divides us.

John G. Emery.



©
Joseph
Cummings
Chase
Paris

FERDINAND FOCH
MARSHAL OF FRANCE



MARSHAL FOCH is one of four distinguished guests of honor invited from overseas to attend the American Legion Convention. The sketch above was made from life by Joseph Cummings Chase, who was officially designated to paint the Marshal's portrait. It was made while Mr. Chase was facing the Marshal across his desk, waiting for a formal sitting. The little thumb-nail sketch at the left shows the Allied Commander-in-Chief at his favorite pastime of puffing at a pipe. He smokes thus almost incessantly.

SHALL WE HAVE AN AMERICAN MERCHANT MARINE?

By KERMIT ROOSEVELT

Decorations by FRANK PAULUS

FLAG waving and patriotic addresses will never build up an American merchant marine. It is a business proposition and can only be stimulated to a healthy growth through being treated as such. We are entitled to carry in American bottoms a certain percentage of the goods that we ship over seas and a part of what we purchase from abroad. Under the present conditions it is not possible for us to do this upon a competitive basis.

During the war and for some time afterwards, ocean freight rates were so abnormally high that it was possible for even expensively run American freighters to make handsome profits, but as soon as war programs and fictitious rates had caused the building of a vast amount of tonnage, and the bubble of the unsound post war inflation had been pricked, cargo rates began dropping until they have reached a level where it is possible only for the most economically run foreign flag tonnage to meet expenses. When this competitive basis is reached, the American flag is not among those present.

It seems that we cannot legislate the American flag on to the high seas, although we have successfully legislated it off them. We cannot protect the steamship operating industry with a tariff wall in the way in which we can aid shoe manufacturing, or any kindred business, whose processes begin and end within the three-mile limit.

Some of the provisions of the Jones Bill (such as the preferential rail rates for goods shipped in American bottoms) would be of great benefit if applied judiciously, but they would mean in many instances the abrogation of treaties, and



KEYSTONE

If the country ever should catch the enthusiasm of this man, a great merchant marine would surely become an actuality. He is Albert D. Lasker, head of the United States Shipping Board.

if indiscriminately put into operation would undoubtedly call forth retaliatory measures on the part of the countries most affected, which would more than likely nullify any temporary benefit derived.

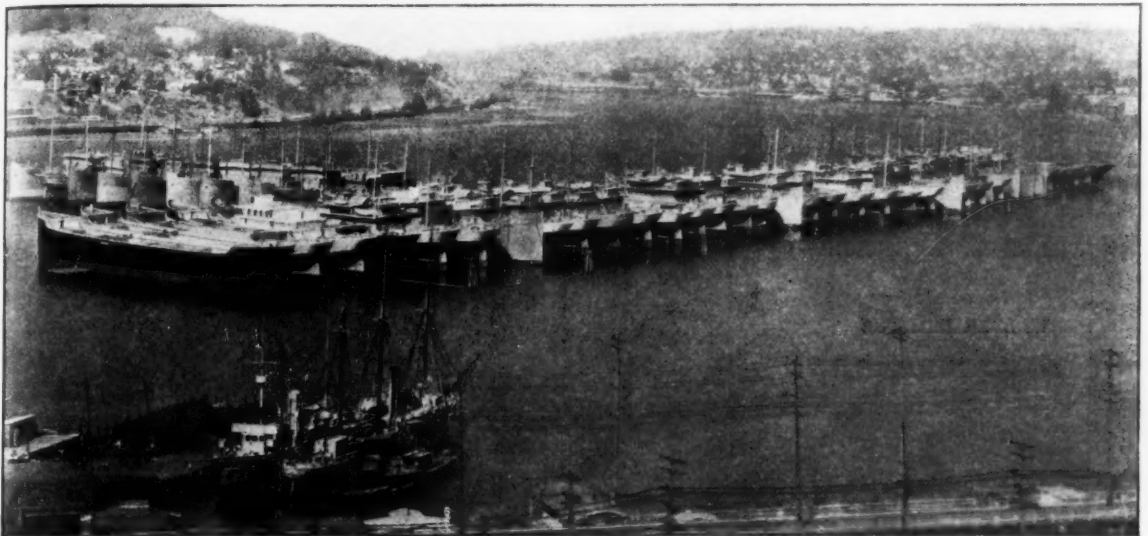
Granting the impossibility of erecting a protective wall such as the tariff around our merchant marine, we are confronted with the bare facts of the serious handicap under which we labor in the cost of operation of American tonnage, in comparison with the costs to other maritime

nations. Taking the operating cost of an American freighter as 100 per cent., the comparison is roughly speaking as follows: France 80 per cent., Great Britain 68 per cent., Norway 60 per cent., Japan 55 per cent., Spain 40 per cent., and Germany 30 per cent.

These percentages are, of course, only approximate, but they will serve as a fairly accurate measure. Too much significance must not be read into them. Thus, although Great Britain comes up toward the top of the list with operating expenses only 32 per cent. lower than the United States, there are many other factors that tend to modify this inequality and compensate for the differences between British and, say, Spanish operating expenses.

Great Britain has for so many generations been involved in world-wide trade that she has outposts all over the globe. Merchants of every country have been accustomed to ship by British bottoms: they have confidence in them, and will give them the preference. The British know how to handle the shippers of foreign countries. They have their organizations in all parts to collect and handle ocean freight. Their financial organizations loan money to build railroads, and port works, to run sugar plantations and cattle ranches, and quite naturally the material to be used in the construction and in the exportation of produce resulting from the operation are generally carried in British steamers. All these offsets to the increased cost of operation combine to maintain British supremacy as a carrier nation. It avails little to have your operating costs low if you can-





The ships which had been hastily built during the war were not purchased by those eager to show the world that America could more than hold her own with any foreign wartime navy. Instead, hundreds of ships were left to rot. Here are a few of the unfortunates awaiting a purchaser near Seattle.

not get the freight to carry. A vessel that always sails full can afford higher costs.

In the clipper days we Americans had very fine connections in the Far East. At that time our population was centered round the Atlantic seaboard. With the opening of the western prairie land and the flood of west-bound immigration our attention and interests were drawn away from the sea and directed toward the developing of our internal resources. This change, coupled with many other causes, such as the advent of iron and steel tonnage, and the introduction of regulating legislation ended by all but driving the American flag off the seas.

The recent war created an entirely artificial situation which called forth first the change of registry of much foreign tonnage to the American flag and later the building in this country of many vessels that were given American registry. In the early years of the war our position as the most powerful neutral was responsible for the condition. After we had joined the Allies our need to transport men and material caused the crowding of the ways of every already existing shipyard and called into existence many new shipbuilding companies.

When the war was over the government-owned ships and shipyards should have

been classed with the unused munitions, the training camp equipment and all other unexpended material made as measures for defense or aggression. Such as could have been sold should have been sold outright for the best price that could reasonably be obtained. Capital cost of tonnage should have had no more consideration than in the case of the disposal of camp sites. By selling at a reasonable price, and outright, both the Government and the purchaser would have been placed in a far more healthy position.

There is more freight tonnage in the world to-day than there was before the war, even taking into account the upward curve of normal measures; and not only is Russia practically out of the market altogether, but a number of the other great powers have had their purchasing ability seriously impaired. I am here treating only the question of cargo carriers. As far as passenger ships are concerned—and more of such tonnage was sunk during the hostilities than has since been built—the passenger trade has not suffered in the same manner as the freight trade; on the contrary, many persons who were prevented by war conditions from traveling are eager to take advantage of the return of safety in ocean voyaging.

This excess tonnage will gradually take care of itself. In the first place much of

it was uneconomically and inefficiently put together and its competitive commercial life is over, no matter how much the capital cost is arbitrarily written down. Undoubtedly part of the tonnage that is at present tied up will never sail again unless a war, or some other unforeseen event, occurs to create an artificial market for it. This natural reduction of the surplus, coupled with a gradual return to normalcy of international trade, should in the course of a couple of years once more make steamship operation profitable. Its whole history has been that of an alternate feast and famine, with the wise companies laying by a surplus in the time of their plenty to provide for the lean days to come.

Unfortunately, however, no amount of surplus can protect an American flag company from the competition of lower operating expenses under foreign flags. Except on the intercoastal trade, which is restricted to American bottoms and therefore not on an internationally competitive basis, freight vessels flying the American flag cannot hold a place on the high seas.

If the powers that be are serious in their statements as to the necessity of our possessing a merchant marine, it is most certainly in their hands alone to make it possible.

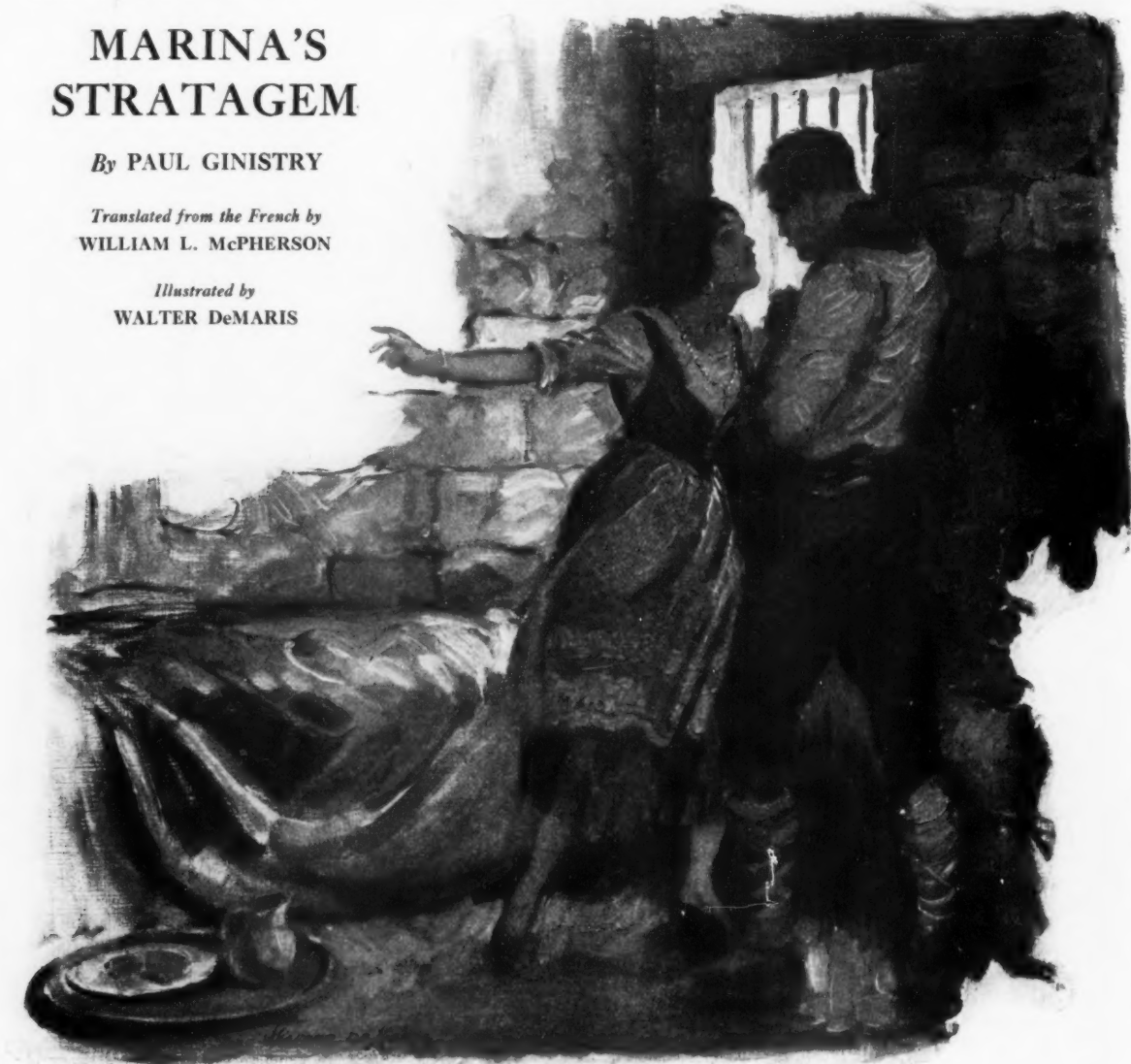


MARINA'S STRATAGEM

By PAUL GINISTRY

Translated from the French by
WILLIAM L. McPHERSON

Illustrated by
WALTER DeMARIS



"I come only to give you a half hour's liberty."

"YOU like to rummage through old papers, don't you?" asked my friend, whose guest I was at his place in the country, half chateau, half farm house.

"Certainly. I don't know anything that is more interesting than to get into contact with things long past and to become the confidant of persons who have long since disappeared."

"Well, you will find in the stable an old valise stuffed with faded letters and old newspaper clippings. It came to me from a relative who once lived with me and who died here years ago. He had a mania for keeping such things. Go through it, at your leisure. But I hardly think you will make any great finds."

I didn't, in fact, discover anything very valuable. There was a queer jumble of business letters, recalling the delightful days when the cost of living was reasonable, and contracts and legal papers. But there were also some notes, written

in a delicate hand, of a visit to Italy at a time when there was still a Kingdom of Naples. In these a curious story was told, dating back to 1840. It created in my mind the vivid image of a passionate and resolute woman who saved her lover, accused of a crime, through another crime which she made him commit.

A certain Tiburzio Calvocassa, a government employee in Bari, an ancient city on the Adriatic, became involved in a quarrel in a café with an English merchant. Being of a violent temper he stabbed the Englishman to death. An affair of this sort was nothing unusual in the Kingdom of Naples. But the stabbing was done in public and the victim was a foreigner. So Tiburzio was arrested a few days later. As they took him away his sweetheart, Marina Reni, a beautiful girl, with a quick mind and fertile imagination, whispered to him:

"You must swear that it was not you who killed the man."

When Tiburzio was examined he maintained obstinately that he was not the assailant.

"Your defence is absurd," said the judge, who was obliged to give more attention than usual to the case because the English consul had filed a complaint and was making a great stir to obtain justice.

They confronted Tiburzio with the evidence.

"How can you persist in so impudent a lie? Everybody knows you. Many people saw you. You were caught in the act."

"I wasn't the person who killed the Englishman," Tiburzio answered, blindly following Marina's instructions, although they were incomprehensible to him. But he knew that she loved him with the same vehement love which he had for her.

The defence was a failure. Tiburzio was sentenced to death.

Although sufficiently locked and barred, the prison at Bari was small. There were only two jailers. One afternoon when one of them was off duty the other, Gregorio, found in the jail yard, apparently let down by a rope, a basket containing food and two bottles of marsala. The keeper congratulated himself on his vigilance. It had apparently been impossible for one of the prisoners to get hold of a present intended for him.

Gregorio thought it his duty to search the basket, to see if a letter was concealed in it. With a clear conscience he unwrapped some *pâtés* of meat and then yielded to the temptation to taste them. After eating he was thirsty. He opened one of the bottles and emptied it. He felt extremely comfortable and soon yielded to an invincible desire to sleep.

The basket had been lowered into the garden by Marina, who had anticipated just what would happen to it. No one knows how she got inside the prison after she figured that the wine had produced its effect. But a prison is easier to get into than to get out of. She suddenly appeared in Tiburzio's cell.

"Oh," he cried, "my salvation could come only through you! Have they let you in to bring my pardon or have you arranged for my escape?"

"I come only to give you a half hour's liberty," said Marina. "Your sentence will have to be executed. Escape? You would be caught again. I want to put you in a position to justify yourself. You have never ceased to deny your guilt?"

"Not for an instant."

"Well, then, here is a knife, exactly like the one you dropped when you tried to escape, after killing the Englishman. Do exactly what I am going to tell you to do. The drug I put in the wine for Gregorio will not keep him asleep very long. It is necessary that I put back in his hands the keys I borrowed from him. Here are those which open the gate to the street. Keep them, so that you can re-enter the prison."

"What! Must I come back to my cell?"

"You must. Don't let us lose time in explanations. Have confidence in me. Once you are outside you will go to the café where you had the quarrel. Enter it and make something of a noise, so that

your presence will be noticed. Then, with this knife, you will fall on the person nearest you. Stab him and leave the knife in his body. After which run away as fast as you can. Make some detours

in order to throw those who follow you off your trail and come

structed him to do. He entered the café with an air of bravado and stabbed an innocent man to death. In less than half an hour he was back in the prison. The keeper hadn't awakened.

The new crime created a sensation. The authorities believed at first that Tiburzio had broken jail. But they found him in his cell. Apparently he hadn't budged.

Doubt arose. Were they wrong in accusing him the first time? Hadn't he been the victim of a strange resemblance to the madman who had just mortally wounded an inoffensive habitué of the café? The jailer Gregorio swore in good faith that nothing unusual had happened in the prison. He had an interest, for that matter, in saying nothing about the basket which he had emptied.

Marina put the case in the hands of a young and energetic lawyer, dismissing the indifferent counsel who had appeared in Tiburzio's behalf at the first trial. The lawyer showed that the two crimes must have been committed by the same individual, some mysterious homicidal maniac. Tiburzio, pardoned by King Ferdinand, was set at liberty. Public opinion ran high in his favor. He

left prison holding his head high and

acclaimed by the crowd. The poor devil who had died to make the comedy a success, couldn't take part in the general celebration. But who thought of him?

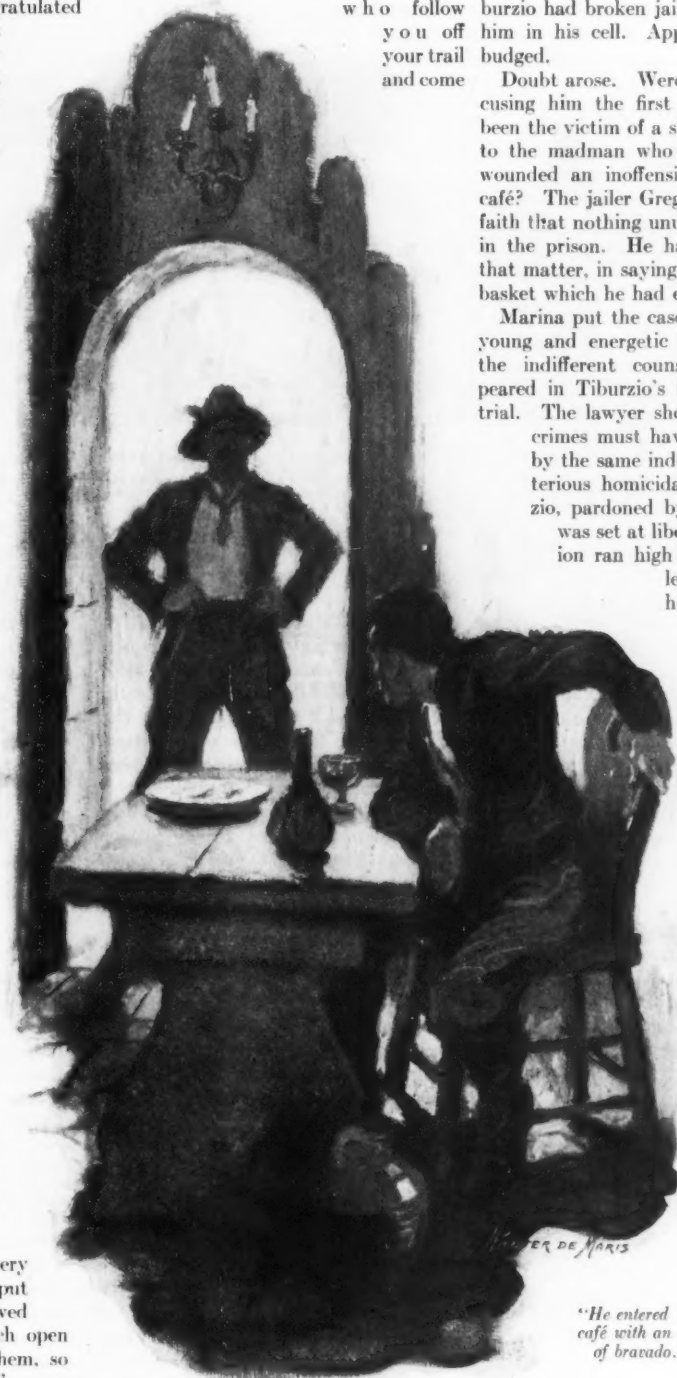
A clipping from an English newspaper, the *Metropolitan*, was attached to the manuscript. Its Neapolitan correspondent confirmed the truth of the story.

I asked myself, nevertheless, how the daring ruse had

been discovered. A note added that this beautiful girl, deserted by Tiburzio, had revenged herself by revealing how she had tricked the law, although she knew that she, too, would have to face death as his accomplice.

Tiburzio did exactly what Marina in-

structed him to do. He entered the café with an air of bravado and stabbed an innocent man to death. In less than half an hour he was back in the prison. The keeper hadn't awakened.



"He entered the café with an air of bravado."

WHY MOST TRACK ATHLETES FAIL AT FOOTBALL

By CHARLES W. PADDOCK
Famous World's Champion Sprinter



INTERNATIONAL

The early part of the season is the only period when the average track man shows up to advantage. Speed and agility, of course, are at a tremendous premium on the gridiron; but numerous other qualities, some of which the

sprinter does not possess, are necessary, and when the actual test of a hard-fought football game comes the majority of cinderpath stars fail utterly to make good. At least this is what Mr. Paddock asserts in this article.

WHEN a football eleven bursts upon the gridiron, and then lines up for the battle, grim-lipped and determined, there is a spirit present which can be found in no other form of athletics. It is a fighting spirit, to be sure, and yet as far removed from the atmosphere of the boxing ring as an English lord from an American doughboy.

The psychology of football grows out of the training to which the physique is subjected, from earliest youth, and the stronger the football environment has been, the better the player. It is not a game of temperament, but a pastime of determination. Speed and strength are two essential features of a good football player, the same as they are the two outstanding requisites of a star track man.

Yet how few track men there have been who were able to be good football players. Though they possessed the speed, and many of them had the strength as well, and could fight on the cinderpath, they lacked that something essential to break down the line before them, and plunge on toward the goal. But it is significant to note that the greatest football player ever developed, in the opinions of most gridiron coaches, also set a world record for all-around track ability which has never yet been equaled. This was Jim Thorpe, the marvelous Indian athlete. He, however, was a football man first and a track man afterward.

He had not concentrated when a youth upon his work on the track to such an extent as to be oblivious to the fascinations of other forms of athletics. Yet that is necessary if a star track man is to be developed, in the majority of cases. And after a few years of track training in such fashion, it seems almost impossible for a

man to make a success at other kinds of competition, particularly at football.

A long time ago, just after the period when I had learned the track game, I became very anxious to play football. It seems that almost every red-blooded American youth has that desire some time in his life, and it came to me during high-school days. There was an opportunity to play on a club team, with a number of my companions, and I snatched at the chance. Though I had played about with a football, as most boys do, I did not understand the first principles of the game.

So after a few signal practices and a bit of scrimmaging we had our first game. Now throughout the first half, though fast enough on a cinderpath, I simply couldn't dodge the enemy and was continually nailed in my tracks. But on the second play of the second half, after our team had received the kick-off, I fortunately had a clear field, and spurred on more by the fear of being caught than anything else, I ran my very best toward the goal. The instincts of track running were strong upon me, and I sped away in my best cinderpath style. But before I reached the goal, a great cry went up, and I suddenly was aware that no one was pursuing me, and glancing back, I saw the men piling up in the center of the field, and then I remembered. In my eagerness to get away, I had responded so completely to the instincts of track, that I had used both my hands and arms as well as my legs, and had forgotten all about the ball tucked under my arm. It had fallen by the way! I never played football again.

When I entered the University of Southern California, Coach Elmer C.

Henderson, one of the best football mentors in the country, advised me to stay out of football. He said that too many track men had been ruined by the game, and too few had made a success.

Peculiarly enough, among those few track stars who have become successful football players the most have played positions where their speed did not particularly help them. Billy Moore of Princeton was a wonderful sprinter, a few years ago, and he played tackle on the Tiger team, a place where weight counts far more than great speed. And so it has been with many cinderpath stars.

The feeling on the part of most people has not been changed, however. The belief still exists that a man possessing that athletic knowledge which has come to him in track work, and who is big and strong and fast, should make the best player. And Thorpe is there to prove their contention. But any football coach will say that the handicaps are so great against a cinderpath man when he dons moleskins, that the majority are bound to fail.

But because Thorpe was produced, there is still the hope that some day there will be another still greater than he. And the West believes that such a one has been located, and defies the laws of football psychology to prove otherwise.

Up and down the Pacific Slope followers of sport, and those at all interested in athletic achievements, are asking the question, "Can Morris Kirksey make good at football?" For men familiar with athletics know that Kirksey is one of the fastest men America has ever possessed upon the track, and men who follow sport for the sake of physical culture see in Kirksey the opportunity for producing

the fastest football player of the year. Kirksey is a fighter. The American spirit of grit and determination is inborn. He also possesses the physique of a gridiron star, standing five feet ten inches and weighing 175 pounds. He has had experience in Rugby football, which though not so rough a game, possesses many of the elements of American football. In other words, Kirksey is the ideal football man. Why should he not make good? It might almost be taken as a matter of course, that so fortune favored for football as he is, there could be no doubt as to his future with the pigskin.

But if you should mention Kirksey's case to any seasoned football player or to any coach of experience, the answer they would give you might astound you. For this is probably what they would say: "Yes, he has the build and the fighting courage, and I he has practical knowledge of the game, but I don't believe he will make good." In order that the man of the street who is interested in the game and wants to see the best stars developed, should understand why Kirksey is handicapped, it is necessary to trace the history of the Stanford star, and show the difference of temperament between a trackman and a football hero.

Morris Kirksey has for many years been one of the fastest hundred-yard men. He has covered the distance time and again in nine and four-fifth seconds. He holds conference titles, far-western championships and national honors, and he has won the English championship. He took second place in the hundred meters at Antwerp. Along with this he has been an exceptional swimmer, and also a boxer of considerable ability. He is rated as one of the most capable fighters in Leland Stanford University. Then, too, he has followed Danny Carroll and his All-Blacks and learned Rugby football from them. He has played several years at this game, and his speed was always a winning factor. He has a brother, who though practically untaught, made the Marine team during the days of the War, and proved a star. In other words the instinct of football seems present in the family.

Now he wants to play half back on the Stanford team, and is hoping to get in the Stanford-California game, the Big Game for both these universities. This is the battle that corresponds to the Harvard-Yale game in the East. It is the climax of the conference season on the Coast. It is a game fraught with bitter rivalry, and where the feeling will be directed

against Kirksey if he be allowed to enter. For his service for Stanford in track work throughout the years has made him the most unpopular man on the Berkeley Campus. He has robbed that college of more meets and taken away more points than any other individual, during the time that he has been in college.

When it comes to nerve, Kirksey is first on the roll call. It was he who was willing to stand off the Belgian Army during the Olympics. He had come down from Paris to receive his prizes for competition in the games, and he had forgotten his competitor's card. In order to be allowed through the gates of the Stadium at Antwerp, it was necessary that each athlete show his pass. But Kirksey did not have his slip, and wished to enter anyway.



© KEYSTONE
Kirksey, Leland Stanford's great runner. Up and down the Pacific Slope they are asking the question, "Can Morris Kirksey make good at football?"

whole squad attacked him, and even then they could not subdue him for quite a space, until he was attacked from behind. Yes, Kirksey has plenty of nerve for football. It isn't a lack of courage that may spell his failure as a football player. This is what he has to fight against: track temperament, track conditioning, and the horrible precedent of stars like himself who have made dismal failures.

A track man's most important duty in training is to keep himself in condition by

adhering to early hours, eating the right kind of food and training whenever the mood moves him. If he only gets out twice a week, and feels better for it, why that is the thing to do. But in football a man must train for hours every day; he is not his own master, but must follow to the letter the dictates of his coach, and he must not allow his temperament ever to interfere with his playing. Most track men pay little regard to any set rules of training, and yet this is the most vital part of football conditioning.

Now the first thing that a sprinter like

Kirksey comes to care for is his legs. He protects them and watches out for them, as though they were glass. For when a sprinter's legs fail him, his running days are over. Even the hardest of track men who has never experienced any trouble with his muscles will favor his legs, that the tendons will not crack or strain.

But since 1916 Morris Kirksey has had all manner of trouble with his tendons. He pulled a tendon at the Far Western Championships that year, and it was months before he recovered. Again in 1920 at the Intercollegiate that muscle went back on him, and it was only



INTERNATIONAL
Charles W. Paddock. He is the greatest sprinter in athletic history; but, after participating in one game of football, he quit the gridiron forever. He even had difficulty in dodging the enemy tacklers and he forgot to hold the ball!

For he had come a long way to get his medals, and as they were to be presented by King Albert of Belgium, he did not care to wait outside the gates. So he entered though the guard vigorously protested.

There ensued something a little more forcible than argument, and in a twinkling there was a score or more of gendarmes present to protect their rights. But Kirksey was nettled and kept on trying to pass, until finally the

through tender nursing and a great deal of care that he was able to compete in the Olympics. After the games for the Championship of the World had been staged, the American athletes ran in England and once more that bad leg refused to stand up under the strain and was pulled in a relay race. In 1921 he had more trouble.

Now if Kirksey had all this happen to his leg when he was taking the best of care of those precious muscles, what would happen to him if a tackler should give him one fierce twist? It seems only natural to assume that it would be the end of Kirksey's football days.

Then again Morris has the pleasant example of other track stars who have attempted to play football. There was Fred Kelly of the University of Southern California. Kelly won the world championship in the high hurdles in 1912, and he possessed all manner of speed and a great deal of strength. He had nothing wrong with his legs, but he could not help favoring them. When a tackler hit him a hard blow, he instinctively tried to protect his muscles and a cramp seemed as serious an accident to him as a broken leg to most football men. It was only natural that he should have such a feeling. He had been trained for years to care for his tendons, and he had been unusually fortunate in keeping them in excellent

(Concluded on page 608)

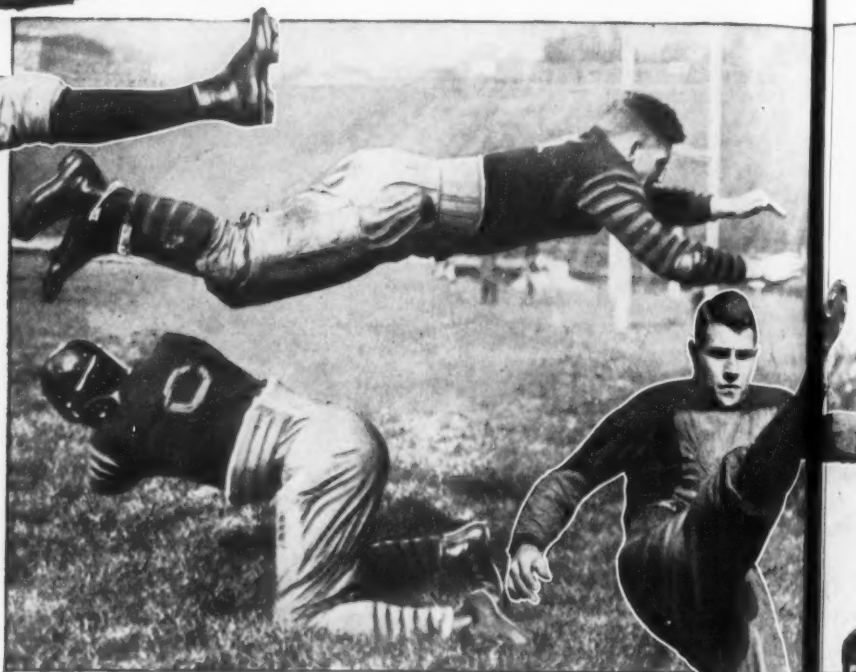
GRIDIRON STARS WHO ARE BRILLIANT

Some of the Men—East and West—Whose Brilliant Play Has Made Them Famous in America



© KEYSTONE

Malcolm Aldrich, Yale's leader and left half back. Under him the Bull Dogs are building up an unusually powerful football machine that will give Harvard and Princeton much trouble later on.



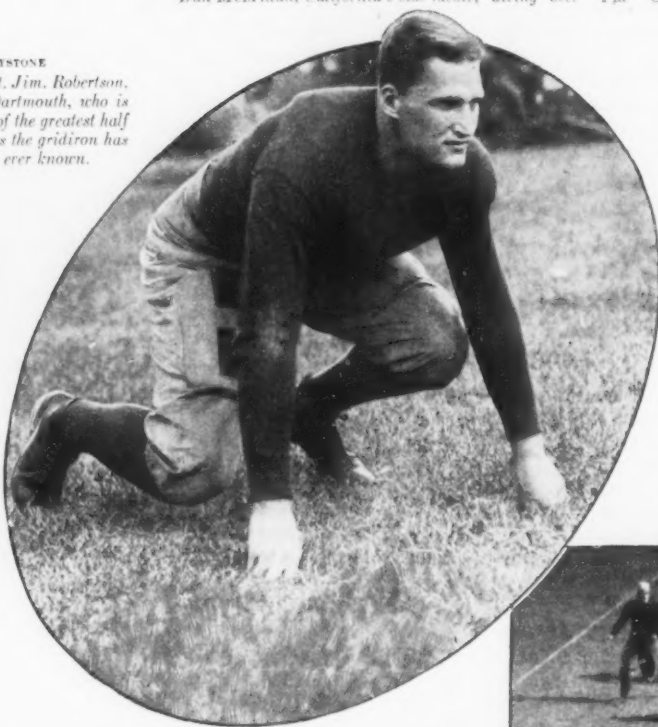
INTERNATIONAL

Dan McMillan, California's star tackle, diving over "Fat" Clark, guard.



© KEYSTONE

Capt. Jim Robertson, of Dartmouth, who is one of the greatest half backs the gridiron has ever known.



© KEYSTONE

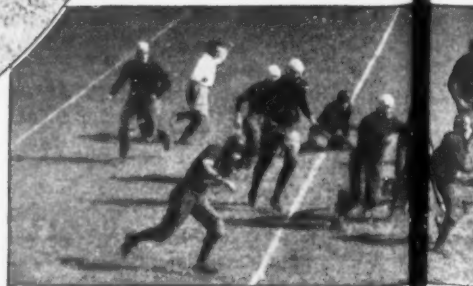
George Owen, of Harvard. Under the tutelage of the great Eddie Mahan he has developed into a fine full back.

WIDE WORLD

F. Lourie, of Princeton. He is generally regarded as the cleverest quarter back in the East.

WIDE WORLD

Into, Yale's sturdy left tackle, who is living up to the best Blue traditions this year and covering himself with glory.



ARE BRINGING GLORY TO THEIR ALMA MATERS

ose Brilliant Work Is Making of This Football Season the Greatest in the History of
America's Foremost College Sport



INTERNATIONAL
"Suede" Larson, half back, hurdling Ray Daughty, full back, during a practice scrimmage at Stanford.



© KEYSTONE
Captain Richard Keith Kane, of Harvard, the speedy, courageous leader who at both end and tackle is playing a brilliant game, and who is injecting into the men at Cambridge a remarkable fighting spirit.



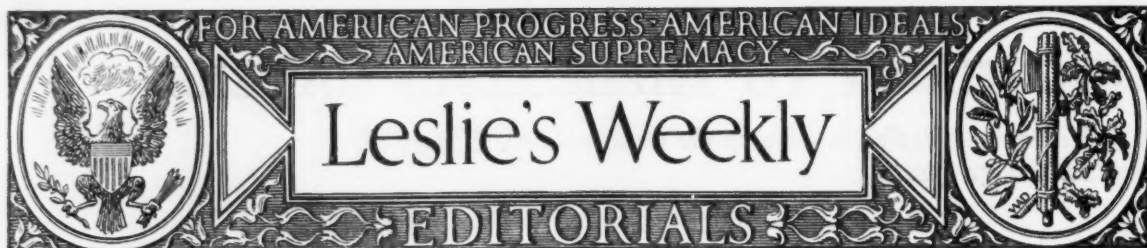
Princeton
regarded as
the best
back in
the
country.



© KEYSTONE
Wilson S. Dodge, captain and right tackle of Cornell. He is one of the most powerful line men in the country.



INTERNATIONAL
"Stan" Keck, Princeton's captain and left tackle. He is as good as Eddie Hart was. In other words, a marvellous player.



Not Peace at Any Price

THE American people have made it pretty evident that they expect reduced armaments, therefore reduced taxes, as a speedy result of the International Conference at Washington. Nearly every senator and congressman who has returned from a vacation "back home" reports the cry for economy and peace. **LESLIE's** itself has voiced this cry. The public is justified in its freely expressed demand for tax curtailment.

But here's the rub. The rules of international conference are those of a poker game. The spokesmen of each nation "sit in" with certain cards in their hands which in the final show-down determine the price that nation pays for the advantages it gains. We may all fervently wish it were otherwise, but it is not, and we must face the facts.

Our strongest card in the present instance is our undoubted ability to stand a program of competitive armament better than any other nation. Failure to reach an agreement for the curtailment of military expenditure will mean a more acute calamity to the people of Great Britain and Japan than to our own. Their concessions, therefore, should be in proportion. But if public clamor in this country is too insistent, their spokesmen can use it as a club to strike a more advantageous bargain with us, and we may be sure they will push every advantage of the sort to the utmost.

It is clearly the part of patriotism, therefore, to put our fate in the hands of our spokesmen with the understanding that we want peace, but not peace at any price. Was it not Marshal Foch who said: "Remember always, the enemy is more exhausted than yourself"? We have no enemies, but in this friendly game of disarmament we must still watch the other fellow's bluff.

He Shaves Himself!

OF ALL our good Presidents, Mr. Harding is the longest suffering in those personal exposures, photographic and other, which are a Chief Executive's lot. Fortunately, by nature gregarious, he responds with apparent joy to a committee chairman, to the Delegation for the Preservation of Squirrels, to the heterogeneous caller. And to shake hands with the President at a White House lawn party or elsewhere is to come away with the feeling that *you* alone of all those present are the person with whom he would linger.

Before the ubiquitous photographer he is not merely acquiescent; he registers active joy where some of his more sensitive cabinet blink with furtive embarrassment.

During the latter part of September the International Association on Identification managed to take the President's finger prints—lest he escape the job, we suppose. Finally when our Chief, to recreate mind and body, retired for a few days to the solitude of camp,

the moving picture men trailed him to the jungle and, it is reported, posed him in every conceivable pursuit—including that of shaving!

The Kaiser's Punishment

WORD comes nonchalantly from Germany that the former Kaiser's private fortune, which is estimated "conservatively" at \$25,000,000, as yet has remained entirely free from taxation of any kind.

Time heals all wounds, somebody has philosophically said, and the Armistice is three years in the past tense. But, even so, if we recollect aright, there *was* considerable feeling against this man. In some quarters it was intimated that he ought to be punished for something—something to do with the war, we think. Extremists even said he must be made to suffer. There was talk of a trial; of quick, stern justice. Napoleon's case was cited as a precedent.

That trial is lost somewhere on the court calendar; but we are used to "the law's delay." Still, it is a bit annoying—we hope that is not too strong a word—to note that of practically all mankind, Wilhelm Hohenzollern is alone exempt from paying his part of the costs of a ruinous war. This, after only three years!

Movies and the Censor

WHEN we hear movie fans talk of "rare old Pathés" and "mellow Gaumonts," we feel poignantly that there is a movie world with which we are still a long way from catching up. Yet one does notice more plays that depend for their effect less on physical action than showing changing states of mind—pieces that leave a certain pleasant spiritual sediment which does not disappear the instant one leaves the theatre.

No movie vulgarity is so depressing as the witless, charmless, Broadway "bedroom farce"; could so sadden the spirit as does the sight, not so much of the play, as of the crowd seeing it, over-fed, overdressed, under-exercised, in every better sense uncivilized, and silly enough to pay speculators' prices for such bunk.

The crude blandishments of the movie sirens are innocent enough compared with the delicately veiled sensuality of the average Broadway musical comedy. In the movies, no matter how the vamp may roll her eyes, virtue triumphs—somewhat too easily, perhaps—and villainy is punished in the end.

The cycle is completed and the spectator's mind travels a normal course from cause to effect.

The remedy for the movie's faults can be found in existing laws and inco-operation between local organizations of thoughtful people and local exhibitors, rather than in legalized censorship. Those who talk of a censor when merely irritated by bad taste, are advocating a return to the times when, as the late Mayor Gaynor put it, "the center of thought was among the few, and they were very anxious to keep it there."

AS WE WERE SAYING

By ARTHUR H. FOLWELL

Nature Studies by W. E. HILL



"He brought me the fore-quarter of a mammoth. Should I accept it?"

CHARLES, THE DENSE

IT IS useless, utterly and absolutely, to give some people a hint. They simply will not take it. For instance, there is the ex-emperor of Austria, Charles by name. Charles still thinks he needs a household staff of eighty persons, at an annual cost of over a million Swiss francs. As far as Charles is concerned, the war was fought in vain. Coronets are still more than kind hearts to Charles; and Norman—in this case, Hapsburg—blood, than simple faith. Charles requires the attendance of eighty servants for the weighty reason that he is the son of his father and the grandson of his grandfather. It seems to Charles a good and sufficient reason. It always has seemed so. But now is the time—to coin a new phrase, now is the psychological moment—to jar Charles loose from this obsession. There is something wrong with a situation in which ordinary Austrians peg along on starvation rations while their former regal ornament requires eighty servants to feed him, dress him, lick his patent leather boots and otherwise attend him. What Charles really needs is one of those neat, light-housekeeping bungalows where he and Mrs. Charles can dispense with servants alto-

gether. There he can learn to wipe the dishes that Mrs. Charles can learn to wash; to run the vacuum cleaner over the royal rugs and to lock up the royal shack for the night. This would do Charles good. It would make him safe for democracy, which at present he isn't. He hasn't a new idea in his inherited head.

THE PREHISTORIC LOVELORN

(From the Magazine page of the Stoneage Mallet)

Dear Editor:—I am in love with a young man but am in great doubt as to whether he loves me. Once he chased me two miles, and another time he hit me over the head with his war club. Do you think he cares for me?

Answer:—The young man is probably bashful and will no doubt declare his intentions if given a little encouragement. The next time he hits you invite him to call.

Dear Editor:—I have been going with a young man for three weeks, and last Saturday night he brought me a fore-quarter of mammoth. Should I accept it?

"There he can learn to wipe the dishes."

Answer:—I am decidedly opposed to young girls accepting valuable presents upon short acquaintance.

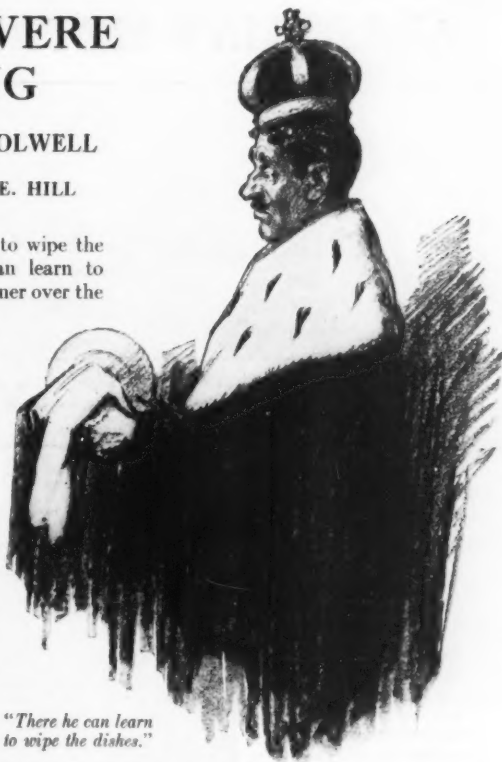
To the Editor:—I dearly love a young lady about my own age and wish to marry her, but when I speak of marriage, she only laughs and won't answer. What should I do?

LITHOS.

Answer:—Try dragging her by the hair to your cave.

THE LATEST IN BARBERISM

WE have read the full page announcement of a newly-opened New York barber shop and found among its attractions an orchestra and "tea served from 4 to 6 P. M." Since then we have had repeated visions of some future Gibbon writing the story of our "decline and fall." A manicure girl who doubles as a cabaret singer will be the next innovation. And of course moving pictures, though here discretion will have to be used or the barber will lose his tip. It would never do to bury a patron's face in three hot towels just as the Mack Sennett bathing girls were being shown about the room.



"It would neer do to bury a patron's face in three hot towels just as the Mack Sennett bathing girls were being shown about the room."

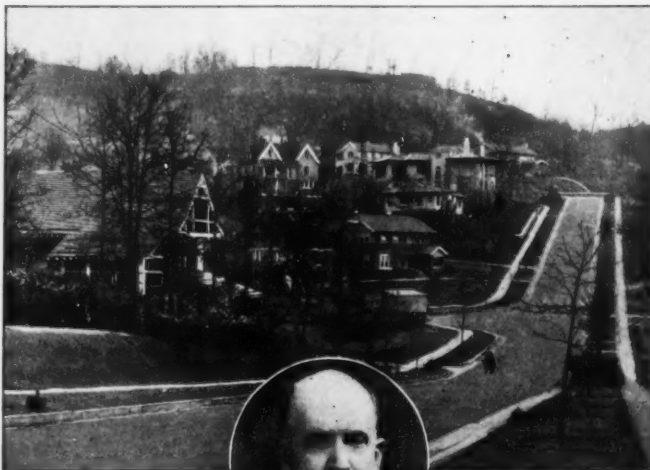
ALABAMA'S METROPOLIS HAS A BIRTHDAY



One of the material things which have made Birmingham, Ala., now celebrating its semi-centennial, one of the South's greatest cities: a typical

furnace battery and steel mill of the United States Steel Corporation at Birmingham. Birmingham's products are valued at \$350,000,000 annually.

FIFTY years ago Birmingham, Ala., did not exist. On the spot now occupied by the South's greatest beehive of industry, a city with a population of 220,000, was a corn-field. To-day, with a myriad of great enterprises daily bringing added wealth to it, and resting securely on a solid foundation of material prosperity, Birmingham is celebrating its fiftieth birthday. Six full days (October 24-29) are being devoted to the festivities, which President and Mrs. Harding, Henry Ford, and many other famous people have promised to participate



PHOTOS BIRMINGHAM VIEW CO.

in. In 1871 Birmingham was laid out as a "town," following the discovery there of iron ore, coal and limestone in apparently unlimited quantities. However, despite a "rush," it was not until 1880 that there were as many as 3,000 inhabitants. Then came railroads, land speculators, mines and mills, and in 1890 the population had reached 26,198, a percentage of growth in ten years of 748.3. In 1900 the population was 38,415; in 1910 it was 132,685, and in 1920 it was (officially) 178,270. It is now forging ahead in miraculous fashion.

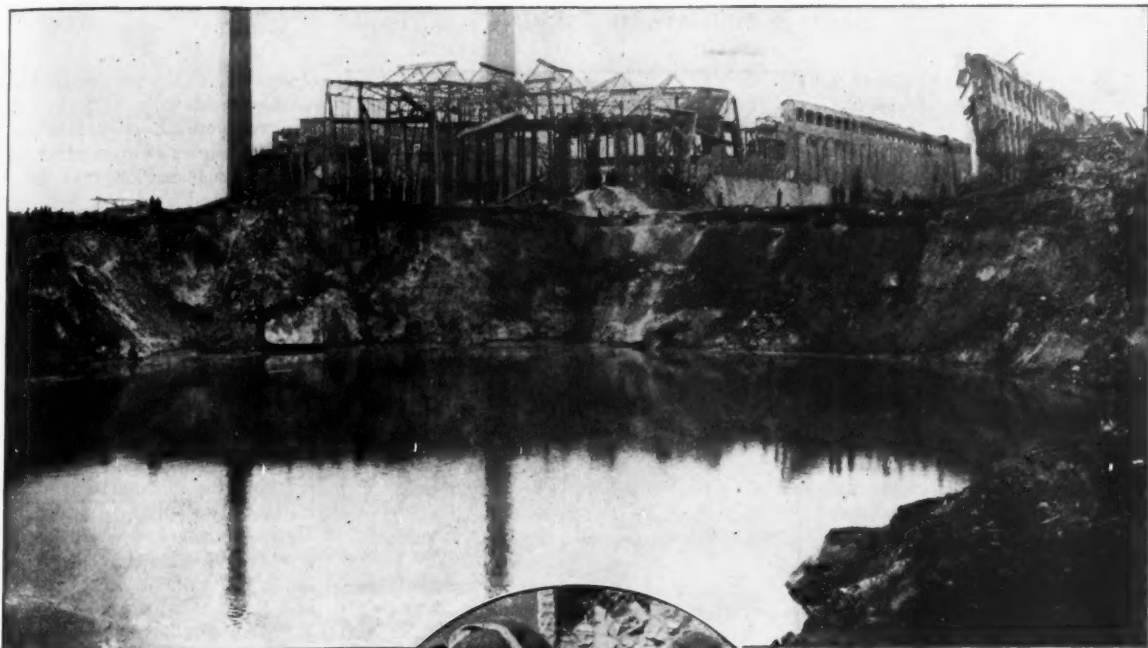


The "Cliff Mountain Dwellers" of Terrace (above), 500 feet over the business district of Birmingham. The insert is Erskine Ramsay, prominent engineer, coal operator and banker, who is chairman of the Finance Committee of the semi-centennial celebration.



Looking west from 2d Avenue and 22d Street, Birmingham, showing the tallest office building south of the Mason and Dixon Line. It has twenty-six stories. Fifty years ago the site was a pea patch in a desolate space. Above (at left) is the city's first "residence." Opposite it is the first church built in Birmingham.

THE HOME OF POISON GAS IS WIPED OUT



Few more destructive explosions are on record than the terrific blast which recently virtually destroyed the town of Oppau, in Germany, killed outright about 1,000 people, and caused a property loss of many billion marks.



Within a radius of three miles there was not a door or window left intact, and the concussions were so powerful that they were felt thirty-five miles away. The tremendous crater, shown above, was made by one of the numerous explosions.



For days the Red Cross worked frantically giving first aid to the thousands of wounded. According to eye witnesses, there were a series of unusually violent detonations, the first occurring at 7.30 in the morning in a large laboratory, where, of the 800 men working, not one escaped.



In the nearby villages there were many pathetic scenes similar to this. Everybody helped—even some French Army medical units. It is interesting to recall the fact that it was in the plant of the Badische Anilin- und Fabrik Company, where poison gas was first made, that the disaster originated. The explosion in Halifax harbor during the war when a vessel loaded with explosives was rammed, caused greater loss of life, but that at Oppau was almost as disastrous.



Searching the ruins. The French and British airmen bombed Oppau twenty-nine times in the vain hope of destroying one of the greatest explosive-producing centers within the enemy's lines. However, they never succeeded in producing an effect in the little town quite so striking as this. Just what caused the explosion will, perhaps, never be known. A dozen different theories have been advanced by the scientists and others to account for the "impossible" occurrence.

PHOTOS © KEYSTONE

Trying to identify the dead—always a difficult task after a disaster in which high explosives figure. Many were buried without identification.

WILL WE TALK TO MARS?

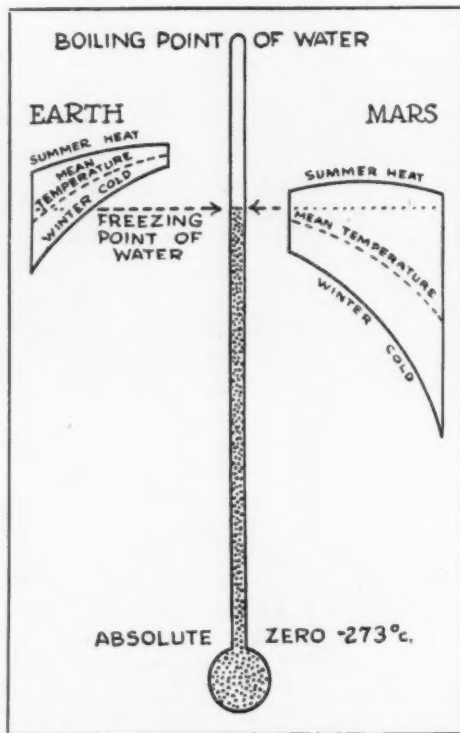
By HERWARD CARRINGTON, Ph.D.

WHETHER or not Mars is inhabited by beings like ourselves, or by some other form of life, has become such a common-place of thought that it is no longer considered fantastic to speak of inter-planetary communication as something which may be accomplished almost any day! Ever since Flammarion wrote his "Plurality of the Inhabited Worlds," about the middle of the last century, the idea has taken root in the public mind, which has received a fresh impetus by the discovery of the so-called "canals," by Schiaparelli, and the subsequent dramatic researches of Percival Lowell. Indeed, practically every astronomer of note has had something to say about the habitability of Mars, and the subsequent possibility (after the discovery of wireless telegraphy) of "communicating" with its inhabitants.

The reasons for this are not far to seek. Mars is our nearest relative among the planets; Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune are undoubtedly vaporous in character—"semi-suns"—quite incapable of supporting life. Venus and Mercury probably turn only one face to the sun perpetually, so that one side of these planets would be scorching hot, and the opposite side freezing cold. Mars alone, because of its size, its distance from the sun, its revolution, and its general physical make-up, might logically be considered an abode of life; and, this once granted, the question naturally presents itself: Is it in fact inhabited?

The discovery of the now famous "canals" lent color to this belief. Mars suffers from a great scarcity of water (as our own planet will one day) and is covered with great stretches of alkali desert (which give to this planet its reddish color). Every winter great fields of ice collect about its north and south poles, and in the springtime these melt—thus rendering a great quantity of water available for "irrigation" purposes. The theory is that the "Martians" have constructed their "canals" in order to lead this water down toward the more central parts of their planet, in order to irrigate the land, and provide vegetable and animal life with a much-needed supply of water.

Of course, it was soon pointed out that canals of this character, in order to be visible at all from our earth, would have to be enormously vast in extent—probably 200 miles in width. This was inconceivable. In order to meet this objection, exponents of the canal theory re-



A diagram showing the relative temperature on Mars and the earth. Note the fact that, while the mean temperature here is considerably above the freezing point, that of Mars is below it. The winters must be extremely trying to the Martians—if there really are any such beings.

plied that we do not actually see the canals themselves, but probably extensive stretches of vegetation, which border upon the canals, on either side, and which come to life as water is supplied to them.

It may be said, incidentally, that many



INTERNATIONAL

The Man in the Moon as he appears when photographed by the astronomical experts at the Mt Wilson Observatory, near Los Angeles. This is one of the most remarkable pictures ever made of a heavenly body. The gigantic telescope which is to be erected in Chile may enable us to get a much better view of Mars than this. It may bring the great planet to within about a mile and a half of the earth—optically!

observers have not been enabled to see these canals with sufficient clearness to determine whether or not they actually exist upon Mars, or whether such markings as have been observed were not, perhaps, due to atmospheric conditions—cloud effects, great streams passing across the surface of the planet, etc. Lowell, on the other hand, has constructed a number of detailed maps of the surface of Mars, and has named the lakes, seas, deserts and canals—much as the geography of our own earth has been plotted out.

The question of the habitability of Mars may be said to narrow itself down to one simple question. Can the planet support life, or not? We know that physical life is only possible within certain very narrow limits. These limits are the boiling and the freezing points of water. Beyond these limits, as we know it, cannot exist. Is the mean temperature on Mars, then, such as to render any form of life possible?

The accompanying illustration shows us the relative temperature on Mars and upon our earth. It will be seen that, while the mean temperature of our earth is considerably above the freezing point, that of Mars is below it. On the other hand, for several months

during the summer time, the temperature is above freezing, so that life would be possible during this period of the year; and, if the inhabitants have learned to fight the extreme cold, they might perhaps manage to live through the winter, just as we do on our earth when the average temperature is below freezing.

Mars is an older and smaller planet than our earth, so that it is conceivable that, if beings do live and have evolved upon its surface, they may have reached a high degree of civilization and culture. They might possibly have evolved much as we have, and even have reached a higher stage of scientific progress. It is possible. They might, therefore, have hit upon wireless telegraphy, and even be ahead of us in this branch of research!

Mr. Marconi is in fact sure that he has received messages from wireless stations on Mars—messages which are as yet unintelligible, but which are nevertheless systematic and assured. How can he be certain that such messages do not come from some wireless station upon our earth, or are not due to some odd terrestrial phenomenon? These questions have been answered by Mr. J. H. C. Macbeth,

(Concluded on page 608)



YOU AND YOUR WORK

Selling Your Services

By JACOB PENN



EDITOR'S NOTE

LESLIE'S object in establishing this department is to help with direct, practical advice the reader who wants a job, who wants a better job, who wants to keep his job. Mr. Penn's articles will not deal with social theories or repeat the usual line of "success talk." They will be devoted to the very practical every-day problems connected with selling one's services in the employment market to the best advantage, based on actual experience and careful study of these problems.

Mr. Penn will be glad to answer in LESLIE'S the inquiries of readers who want the benefit of his advice in solving their own personal employment problems. Such inquiries should be short and to the point. The identity of the correspondent, of course, will be treated in strict confidence. Every reader must realize, however, that LESLIE'S is not an employment agency in any sense of the word. It cannot provide jobs. On the other hand, it can and will provide expert counsel to those with or without work who sincerely wish to better their condition.

Address your letters to You and Your Work Department, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 627 West 43d Street, New York City. Return postage should always be enclosed.

THE business of getting a job is like any other business. It requires salesmanship. Your employment problem is a sales problem, pure and simple. Waiting for the offers to come in after the fashion of the proud diploma-decorated youth will not obtain any kind of a job for you.

This, of course, is particularly true at this time when the number of workers in the country apparently exceeds the jobs to go round. Let us look the facts in the face with the determination not to let them discourage us. For if we realize fully the obstacles in our path we will apply ourselves the more wisely and carefully to overcome them.

And they can be overcome.

There are fish in the sea, but to have them we must go out and get them. Such "soft" days, as the late war days when men were scarce and the aid of the law was invoked to make folks play their part in society, will not come again unless nations and their leaders once more go off on a spree. To get a job you must go out and get it. As the Great Book states it: "Seek and ye shall find."

But just seeking for work without plan or guide will not do. The captain without chart was seldom known to bring his ship to port. To obtain employment, whatever your line of work may be, you

should enter the market place of life with a plan as definite and as complete as that of the successful merchant.

Because so many of us are in the dark when it comes to solving our employment problem, it is not at all strange to find so many able men and women holding mediocre positions that cannot and will not yield a fair measure of reward either in money or opportunity. It is because we do not treat our employment problems as sales problems that we find such a large percentage of those of us who must work for a living tied down to jobs for which they are not fitted, finding relief in the whistle.

This was brought home to me in the course of a recent visit to a large textile plant. "The man in charge of this department," declared the employment manager, "is not the best man for the job. The fellow who was here before him was his master in ability and knowledge. But of what good were these when he lacked the fine qualities that mark the man who sells himself well, the fellow who gets along with his fellow workers so that they would go to the limit to get things done, to help us when we are rushed?"

Let not your ability and learning go to waste in some small job where the work fails to harness all of you to capacity. Let your aim in life be to make full use of all you know, of all you can do, of all you plan and scheme to achieve. To reach all the fertile fields for your services you should turn salesman and persistently, cautiously, and enthusiastically go about this greatest of jobs, the job of locating yourself properly in the business of life.

I know many men and women in various walks of life who might have been playing more suitable rôles if they had realized that they could find their proper levels only through selling their services as the merchant does his wares. The various departments of the city, state and federal civil service are simply chock-full of men and women, especially men, who are poorly paid and are miserably trailing some insignificant routine. And when you find a fellow of whom you are prone to say that he is too little for his job and that he fell into the position through sheer luck, you want to change your opinion. Luck has nothing to do with it. Salesmanship has. That fellow has simply sold himself well. His weakness may lie in not being able or willing to continue to sell himself, once having landed the job.

In his sales campaign the merchant

seeks first to learn who the persons are that are likely to be interested in his goods. He looks for "leads," in the parlance of the salesman. The "leads" obtained, he tries to develop as many of them as possible into buyers of his merchandise. If you are out of employment, or if you desire to obtain a better position, you will do well to follow closely the methods pursued by the successful merchant to "put his goods over."

With some of these methods you are familiar. You are being daily tested as a "lead" through advertising in its various forms. At one time or another you have been experimented with *via* the circular letter. You have watched the salesman at work, and even your friends under various guises have been employed by the energetic business man to swell his supply of "leads."

To obtain your "leads," or the likely markets for your services, you have these and other mediums. Grouped together are the following eight avenues of approach that have been successfully used by men and women of varied occupations and stations to locate possible employers of their services:

- (1) "Help wanted" advertisements.
- (2) "Situation wanted" advertising.
- (3) Employment agencies, private, public, semi-public.
- (4) Civil service, city, State, federal.
- (5) Circular letters.
- (6) Friends.
- (7) News items.
- (8) Personal calls.

In the articles to follow we shall take each of these up in detail. When we have covered this ground, we shall proceed with the second phase of our sales problem, the task of developing the "leads" obtained through the mediums just outlined into buyers of our services—employers.

This discussion will be free from theory. Nothing will be included in these articles that has not stood the test of actual, every-day experience. The ideas and suggestions to be presented are taken from life's great workshop, from the experiences of men and women who have found them serviceable in marketing their services. They will help you decidedly as they have aided them.

Quite naturally, you will have many questions to ask. I shall be very glad to answer them through this page. I invite you all to co-operate with me in this great discussion. LESLIE'S WEEKLY and I want to be of real, practical help to you.

Smothered in Star Dust—(Continued from page 585)



Charming, isn't it? It was put up quickly, used—and demolished, to give way to another equally beautiful set.

are crowded jam full to overflowing. All her standards of life and morals are governed by the "Pitchers."

But come. Let us stop patronizing Mary O'Toole and Mrs. Ole Oleson. We are just the same. The movies have changed the standards of life for every one of us in one degree or another.

At the time of the inauguration of Mr. Harding as President of the United States, I sat in the Senate Chamber waiting for the thrill of awe that should come when the most powerful government in human history changed pilots. But I could not get a thrill. The movies had spoiled me.

The retiring and the incoming Vice-presidents both had stage fright and glared at each other in their terror, like schoolboys at the Friday afternoon "speakin'." The diplomatic corps representing the great powers of the earth looked unutterably foolish in their village cornet band uniforms. They crowded together and looked embarrassed and one of them fell over a chair. The President, who was presently to be master of the great fleets of war on the sea and who was soon to hold the frightened world in the hollow of his hand, sat huddled up lugubriously in his capacious arm-chair—the picture of embarrassed misery and discomfort.

The movies had given

us such magnificent spectacles that the real thing seemed shoddy and incomplete. Real kings can't manage to move with the majestic dignity of movie kings. The real ones always seem a little hangdog and shop-worn.

Not long ago, with considerable awe, I paid a visit of ceremony to the mansion of a Fifth Avenue millionaire in Fifth Avenue to get an idea for a cinema production. My heart has been bowed down ever since with the sorrows of disillusionment. Any art director who would offer a picture producer the duplicate of that house as the setting for a multi-millionaire's home would be discharged on the spot. The real millionaire's home couldn't hold a candle to some of the millionaire "sets" built for the DeMille pictures—either for good taste, beauty or actual expense.

The movies people have spoiled all the real heroes of life for us. And theirs is the responsibility of offering us something better.

They have made the real queens of the world seem homely and dowdy and inexperienced in the technique of queening. They have taken away our awe for the millionaire. They have made real travel seem commonplace. Who can thrill over a trip up Mt. Washington when he has come from an aeroplane voyage over the snow cap of Mt. Blanc? How can we get up the proper excitement over the village Fourth of July celebration after an Indian Durbar with elephants and rajahs and other critters?

The people of the movies have compelled us to take the spotlight away from all the other heroes and turn it full on them in their glass houses. And they are finding it just as hard to live up to the part as did the poor, shabby duke whose glory they have dimmed.

To be a cinema hero involves a heavy responsibility altogether apart from living a private life of chemical purity. The movies have been granted the greatest opportunity the world of art has ever known.

Consider the chances that lie open to the young architect who makes the "sets" for the movies. He designs more elaborately beautiful and expensive houses in a year than most successful architects have in a lifetime. Furthermore, he need not bother about kitchen sinks and heat for garages. He can devote his entire attention to the beauty of line and form. He has not even color to worry about.

And in building houses it goes without saying that he is building houses for the world. Very few persons ever see the gorgeous houses of the idle rich. The houses of the mimic rich in the movies are seen by hundreds of millions of persons whose taste and opinions in such matters are there for the molding. If we turn out to be a nation with rotten bad taste there is only one agency to blame for it.

It goes without saying that the responsibilities and opportunities of the movie actors are enough to stagger them if they thought about them—which they don't.

If he has not advanced the art of acting during the past twenty years the movie actor ought to hang his head in shame. He has had an enormous advantage over the actors of the past—even the greatest of them.

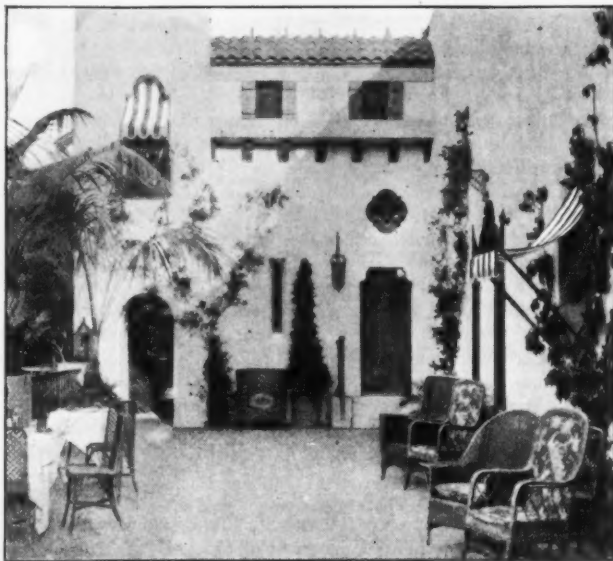
Mary Pickford has probably acted more rôles than Mrs. Siddons ever heard of. Joe Jefferson was a mere child in actual experience compared with Wally Reid.

The movie actor has the supernal advantage of being able to study himself and his own technique on the screen before his own eyes.

With these great advantages and these heaven-sent opportunities, what have the movies done with them? What have they to answer for their stewardship?

Well, not much.

In a general way acting has been changed in methods since the movies came into vogue. The cinema has undoubtedly changed stage acting. The conventional strutting is (Concluded on page 609)



This might well be a home in Southern California, but it isn't. It is simply a set which, seen from the other side, is by no means attractive. And how it costs!

"Not Only in the East"—(Continued from page 582)

neckhold on the world's best customer she would still have the best of the trade situation by reason of propinquity and cousinship. That fact is recognized by some of the minor parties in Japan. Some of these have long insisted that Japan's elder statesmen have done the nation an injury in the estimation of the world by their policy toward Korea and China. Since the invitation to the parley was issued Japan has shown a disposition to make certain changes in her arrangements in China in obedience to the altered attitude of the world. Dog-eat-dog seems no longer to be a profitable business operation in the East. But no one knows as yet precisely what the inner meaning of the proposed changes may be.

In my days as a part-time performer at the mourners' bench, I noted that the quality of my emotion depended largely on the external stimuli. As long as the choir thrilled out the grand old hymns and the evangelist tromped up and down the aisle fixing miserable sinners with his shining eye, I felt saved and happy. No man's heart was purer than—none was as pure—as mine. But I used to fear that mine was a fabric and not a cord conversion. After 6,000 miles or so it was apt to blow. So it may be with Japan and China and the new arrangements. They may be all right now, though, again, they may not be. But who can tell what they might be a year or so after the arms parley has passed into history?

Under the old rule of diplomacy we

would be at a disadvantage in asking of the arms parley that the stone walls and fences around the Chinese trade be torn down, so that we might take our share. In diplomacy something is rarely given for nothing. If we were to appear before the parley as suppliants, we would have about the chance of a goldfish in a tank full of pike. Our friendly rivals would say—and would be fully justified in saying, in accordance with that theory of international diplomacy which persists in placing that noble art on the same plane with horse-trading—that we must be prepared to pay for what we get:

"There are the billions you owe us," our friends might say. "And that mercantile marine you own and which may some day be a nasty tariff in our commercial side. And your tariff agreements might well be re-written."

Perhaps they may say those things as it is. But, assuming the parley will be conducted more after the fashion of modern business than of silk-and-lace piracy, we have a counter for those things. We can do without more disarmament than any other nation in the world. We firmly believe that if the present Eastern policies are pursued by Japan, through the treaty-backing of Great Britain, a war will result. In that case we must start in to arm. A fairly official set of figures was recently prepared, which showed that populations and tax-rates and per capita riches being considered, we can stand three times more battleship building

than Great Britain and eight times more battleship building than Japan. If we are forced to build we can build; and still be moderately sound financially. If the others are forced to build at the same rate they will be crushed.

That is the heart of the American opposition to the Anglo-Jap treaty. No one thinks that Great Britain would align herself with Japan and against us in the event of war. But she might, in perfect loyalty to her treaty-mate and to Anglo-Saxondom and to the cause of civilization and to her merchants, do a great many things which might help Japan and hurt us. She might not do any of these things. After all, our complaint is not what might happen in the improbable event of war, but of what is happening to-day in time of peace. Without Great Britain at her back Japan would not be able to do the things she has been doing. She would not persist in throwing a stick at the Eastern hive, knowing that sooner or later she would start the bees.

Half a dozen times—to speak only of matters of considerable importance and on diplomatic record—Japan has interfered with American trade interests in the East. Whenever a protest is made the diplomatic consequences are apt to develop three corners instead of only two ends. Great Britain somehow becomes involved in it. This is not said in a fault-finding spirit. She cannot very well help herself, for, while the treaty is in operation, she is necessarily involved with



*Stubble o' corn, frosty morn,
Twittering swallows o'er thicket and thorn,
Whistling quail hid in the dale,
Pumpkins are shining by furrow and rail,
Shocks in a row, call o' the crow,
Loitering loftily, hinting o' snow,
Robin and jay are going away,
From Indian Summertime's royal array.*

Signs o' Fall

By LEON D'EMO

Decorated by the Author

*Rustling sound of leaves on the ground,
Bugling call of a hunting hound,
Acorns a-patter, squirrels a-chatter,
Noisily scolding, tho' nothing's the matter,
Cottontails frisk, breezes are brisk,
Swirling around with a whirl and a whisk,
Day by day the year grows gray,
Indian Summer is fading away.*

*Smell o' smoke, homely folk
Murmur o' voices in chuckle and joke,
Cider mill turns with a will,
Chirruping crickets by hollow and hill,
Autumn light blurring the sight,
Stipple o' stars on the velvety night,
Winter drear is coming near
But Indian Summer's the best o' the year.*

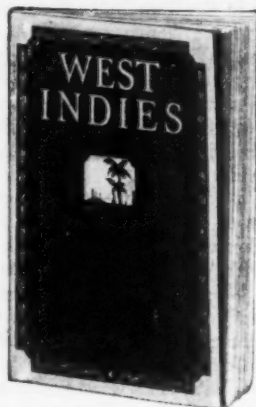


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Japan. If the treaty were disposed of, a fair and equitable understanding could be reached with Japan. Then the nations might junk their navies. At least they might safely junk the old and useless portions of their navies and keep only the items which would be useful in the next war.

There are difficulties in the way of this pleasant program, of course. Japan harbors a doubt of us, for one thing. This may seem absurd to Americans, conscious as we are of our political rectitude, but it is a fact. Japan fears we may try to establish a foothold in the Far East, not knowing that we would like to get our feet out of the one foothold we now have over there. Japan thinks that we cost her a large share of her well-won loot in the Russian war, whereas we firmly believe that we saved Japan's scalp in that same affair. Japan's manners are not our manners and our manners are not always too nice. More people fight over discourtesy each day than over actual wrongs. Japan has been lashed into dislike of us by a portion of her press. All—or almost all—her successes have been won by the military arm. The Japanese are a proud people and to be forced out of China would be an undoubted humiliation. Her military history being what it is, there is room to doubt whether she would yield without resistance.

Then, too, the British Empire will doubtless wish to get a *quid* for its *quo*. The colonies and dominions have no liking for the Japanese, as has been demonstrated. But their policies are directed by good business men. One might say that even in its moribund state the treaty is more or less good trading stock. Bids might be invited. Before the arms parley is at an end it is a good guess that we will discover that before the bars are dropped for our benefit in the East we must show ourselves willing to do something for the British Empire somewhere else. It is true that Great Britain has not approved of Japan's course toward China. Various ineffectual protests have been made. She has been firm

in her adherence to the theory of the Open Door, as first enunciated and always insisted upon by the United States. But business is business.

The case is offered in all humility. Had it not been for the Great War the British and the Japanese might have dominated the East to eternity almost. The one was the greatest naval power in the world with deep-set convictions about the right of any other nation to be any sort of a naval power at all. The other was an up-and-coming, cocky, aggressive, efficient, thoroughly militaristic little nation. It was poor and it is short of land but both disabilities are being rapidly cured at the expense of its neighbor. The United States has been self-centered, almost boatless and enduringly pacific. We stood firm on our principles, but it has rarely been necessary for us to fight for them.

Now conditions have changed. The time will come in a very short time when we will need our share of the trade in the East. We have been losing ground there lately. No other merchant can trade successfully in territory to which the Japanese merchant holds the keys. We feel that we have been gouged and man-handled and laughed at. Japan has not even been frank in her misdoing. She has not always told the truth about her diplomatic doings, as instanced in her repeated denial of the notorious Twenty-one Demands. There is a feeling in Washington that a very serious situation lies ahead. There will be fewer probabilities of an armed conflict if the Anglo-Jap treaty is out of the way.

That is why it seems to me that Washington is now engaged in writing a second declaration of independence. Notice is being served—first on Japan as the primary offender and secondly on Japan's backers—that present conditions in the East are emphatically distasteful to the United States. It may be they will not be altered at our request. But at least there will be no further opportunity for a misunderstanding of our position. Friends will begin to line up with friends and enemies with enemies.

Little Stories of Real Americans

THE COUNTRY DOCTOR

By HENRY WYSHAM LANIER

I CALLED on him the other day. Not for medical help: of course we go to him for that too. But if any problem of life arises, from "What is the best variety of early potatoes?" or "Why can't we have a garden full of flowers eight months in the year?" or "Who's the best man to do electric wiring?" and "Is that highboy a genuine old one?"—the discussion always ends with "Well, we'll ask the Doctor." For the foundation of the relation between our

quiet community and the Doctor is that he is our sure friend, always eager to give of his superabundance of knowledge, of flowers, of vital common-sense.

"Doctor, you don't look well," I remarked, when I had acquired the spray formula and the scheme of campaign against the squash root beetles for which I had come.

"Then I look the way I feel," he admitted.

"What's the matter?"

"Well, I had a little operation yesterday, and then, when I should have stayed in bed, I had to go five miles down the road to see a sick patient."

"But, look here, you've been run down all winter anyhow: you ought to get away where you could rest, for a week at least."

"Yes, I suppose I ought. But I've got two or three serious cases in hand, and I can't bear to disappoint them: they get sort of nervous and worried if a strange doctor comes around instead of some one they've known all their lives."

There wasn't the least self-consciousness in this statement: he was simply mentioning a fact to explain what he realized to be an unwise act on his part.

I didn't even attempt to argue, for that's the kind of doctor he is—descended, not in blood but in character, from that magnificent old New Englander in the neighboring town to whom it was a commonplace to drive ten miles with an attack of pneumonia, on a piercing February night, to see a patient who had taken a turn for the worse. They take their job seriously, these real country doctors—who the city wiseacres say are as extinct as the dodo.

It used to be a matter of continuing wonder to me that a man of this caliber should be using his splendid attainments—for he is a physician who would surely reach distinction anywhere—among a community where a dollar means five hours' hard physical labor—and consequently lacks that agility as characteristic of city dollars. He could easily have been one of the famous specialists whose consulting fee is a thousand dollars, instead of driving all over the country, through mud and snow, in burning July and marrow-piercing February, to charity patients and those from whom even his modest fees come slowly or not at all.

By the merest chance, I solved the problem recently, while talking with an acquaintance in another town.

It seems that the Doctor was an orphan, brought up by an uncle and aunt in the fine old house where he now lives. He grew up, studied medicine, and started in to practice in his home county. Needless to say to one who knows him, he had long before that become a pillar of the household, and his foster parents, as they grew old, got to leave more and more of the practical affairs to his capable hands and direction.

He was ambitious, like every normal youngster who feels the ability to do big things. Then, one day, his opening came. He was offered a chance to go in with one of the leading physicians in the largest city of the State—a position which which meant a practical certainty of large success and large income. It was just one of those ideal opportunities for a rising young doctor that come once if they come at all. And on the other hand,

(Concluded on page 610)

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Conducted by THEODORE WILLIAMS

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THE course of business never does run smooth, even in the most auspicious periods. Seasonal, if not annual or longer, intervals of dullness and poor, or no, profit are frequent. The commercial and industrial worlds are familiar with what is equivalent in the agricultural world to bad seasons and years, storms and drouths, frosts and pests. No human undertaking is without its setbacks and reverses. All enterprise must face and force its way through difficulties. This is the natural and economic law; with it progress must always reckon and apart from it no country can move on.

There are times when conditions are worse than at others, and then it is necessary to pluck up new courage, put forth intenser effort, evolve more ingenious plans of action. To lose head and heart, to despair and to give up because of hard rubs and losses would be the poorest policy for the business men of the United States. This country has achieved its marvelous growth and wealth, not because there has been easy going from the beginning, but because its people have been undaunted and met their most serious crises in a conquering spirit.

The great fact that the American people have always won out is the strongest assurance that they will in due time put this irksome period of readjustment behind them, and come out of the jungle of depression with colors flying. To those who are interested in prominent enterprises through ownership of stocks or bonds, and who are concerned over the future value of their holdings, the past presents numberless instances for their comforting.

At this time when many corporations

have been reducing or passing dividends, owing to shrinking trade, or the need of heavy cutting down of inventories, it is well to recall that scarcely any of the best and soundest organizations of to-day have escaped some taste of such experiences in their history. Nearly all of them have found it extremely hard, now and then, to keep the ship going on an even keel. Yet they eventually weathered the gales

and are now as staunch and seaworthy as ever. Undoubtedly they are not through forever with similar happenings. They will encounter other elemental disturbances in the years to come. But with the exercise of optimism, nerve and skill they will continue their voyaging successfully.

Business is not an exact science, nor a perfected art. Nobody engaged in it can foresee all contingencies, but each must be prepared for any and all turns of events. The unexpected happens often in the most upsetting fashion. We cannot rely on business for steady gains that can be mathematically calculated beforehand. If the average of more or fewer years is good, it is the utmost of what we can ask for.

In this hour of stagnation there should be less discouragement when we realize that it is only the economic law at work in its usual and immemorial way, and that invariably the forces of enterprise and persistence have surely carried the world along. Legitimate enterprises conducted by men of capacity and character are just as much bound now as in bygone eras to outlast their troubles and to flourish again.

Not a few readers of this department have expressed pardonable anxiety concerning the possibilities of once seemingly rock-based corporations. Some of

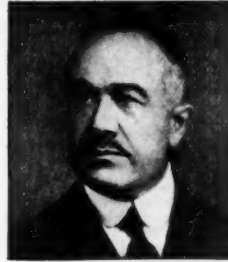
NOTICE

MANY readers have been inquiring, "What has become of 'Jasper'?" "Jasper" was the pen-name assumed by the late John A. Sleicher, when on July 6, 1889, he founded this department, which has now been in existence over thirty-two years and is the oldest feature of its kind in any American weekly newspaper. About nineteen years ago the present editor of the department joined *LESLIE'S* staff, became identified with its financial comment and correspondence and in course of time took exclusive charge of the department, though the name, "Jasper," was retained until Mr. Sleicher's definite retirement. The department's old-time policy of trying to tell the truth about securities, of warning readers against undesirable issues, and of aiding them to make sound investments is still being faithfully pursued.



THOMAS B. MCADAMS

Vice-president of the Merchants National Bank of Richmond, Va., prominent as a financier in the South, and active in the national association's affairs, who was elected president of the American Bankers Association at the latter's highly successful recent convention in Los Angeles.



JOHN H. PUELICHER

President of the Marshall & Isley Bank of Milwaukee, Wis., lately chosen as vice-president of the American Bankers Association. Mr. Puelicher is a leading figure in banking circles in his State. He founded the Milwaukee chapter of the American Institute of Banking.



J. T. FARRAR

Who has become the president of the Utah State Bankers Association. He is cashier of the Provo Commercial and Savings Bank, of which the well-known United States Senator Reed Smoot is president, and he is highly regarded personally, as well as an authority on all banking matters.

the latter are undeniably under clouds at present. But judged by hosts of precedents, they are destined to emerge unimpaired from their trials. Owners of their issues should not be too nervous over the outlook. They should not throw away their holdings in panic. They should rather live in the faith that the turning wheel of fortune will presently bring to these great concerns the rewards which intrinsic worth justifies. It cannot be doubted, for instance, that the best railroad and public utility corporations, or the established steel, oil, sugar, mining, shipping, motor, textile, food products, farm machinery, or other meritorious concerns without end, are going to put their difficulties under foot and are going to thrive to a degree that will make their bondholders and stockholders rejoice and cause a signal recovery in the prices of their securities. It is wiser to retain stocks and bonds of the best companies, no matter how low these may be or how dubious the outlook just now, than to sacrifice them. A shrewder step would be to add to one's holdings while the bargain counter still displays conspicuously attractive wares.

Answers to Inquiries

W., CHICAGO, ILL.: Whether the market price of General Motors common stock or International Harvester will recover sooner is a matter of opinion. The yield on the former at the present dividend rate is 10% as against about 6 3/4% on the latter. Each company is well managed and a leader in its line, and I should regard either as a fair business man's investment.

S., MUSKOGEE, OKLA.: The outlook for all foreign currencies is uncertain, especially in the case of those of the smaller countries. The heavy discount at which these are quoted is an indication of their uncertain speculative value.

A., CHINA GROVE, N. CAR.: Although dividends on International Nickel stock have been discontinued since 1919, it is understood that this company's business is showing an improvement and as it has always been well managed it will no doubt resume payment in due course. General Motors 7% debenture stock I regard as a good speculative investment. Why not place a part of your present funds in well-secured real estate bonds, such as are offered by several of LESLIE'S advertisers?

K., EXIRA, IA.: Inasmuch as neither Sears-Roebuck common stock nor Montgomery Ward & Co. is paying any dividend, the term "investment" as applied to these stocks is a misnomer. Both companies have suffered from heavy inventories which they have not been able to liquidate satisfactorily, and also from greatly diminished buying power of the farming class upon which all mail order concerns are largely dependent.

D., GRAND FORK, N. D.: For the investment of \$15,000 which you wish to place in short-term notes, I believe you would find Bethlehem 7s, due 1923, Consoli-

dated Gas Company of New York 8s, Copper Export Association 8s, due 1923, Solvay Companies 8s, Standard Oil of New York 7s, due 1926, and Westinghouse Electric 7s, suitable. You might also place a portion of your money in first mortgage real estate bonds, which can be had for any maturities desired.

W., DOHRANCE, PA.: In my opinion even the best speculative possibilities at present reside in the sound dividend-paying stocks selling at unusually low levels. Bethlehem Steel B, U. S. Steel common, Crucible Steel, Baldwin Locomotive, American Woolen, Southern Pacific, Studebaker and Pan American Petroleum are among the stocks in your list which should give a good future account of themselves. U. S. Rubber common is not paying dividends at present, but the dividend on the preferred appears reasonably well assured, and that seems an inviting business man's purchase. Kelly-Springfield common is not paying dividends in cash, but the preferred issues are doing so. Hupp Motors, Chandler Motors, Royal Dutch and Pure Oil are making returns, and if these continue the stocks will do for purchase by business men. General Asphalt common is not a dividend payer and it would be better to buy the preferred, which makes a moderate return. Houston Oil shows no sign of paying dividends for a long time to come.

C., BROOKLYN, N. Y.: American Locomotive, Southern Pacific, Consolidated Gas, and Bethlehem Steel B have merit and improvement in business would tend to assure their dividends. Pacific Oil is a fair purchase. The St. Louis & S. F. inc. 6s are paying interest, and the outlook for these is fairly bright. The bonds rank ahead of the preferred stock.

K., AKRON, OHIO.: The Transcontinental Oil Co. has immense holdings. Like a dreadnought starting on a voyage, it has not yet got fully under way. It is well equipped, and if properly managed should in the somewhat distant future show good results. At present it is a non-dividend payer, and the stock a long-pull speculation. There has been little decline from your purchase price. It might be well to hold your shares for a while.

H., SCRANTON, PA.: The Edmonds Oil & Refining Company was incorporated last year with a capital stock of \$2,000,000, par \$1. It has only a moderate aggregate of acres in Louisiana, Texas and Oklahoma, but a larger area in Mississippi. It also owns two refineries. It has been paying dividends of 2% per month with extras, but it cannot as yet be regarded as a seasoned organization.

J., LOWELL, MASS.: American Tel. & Tel. stock is regarded as in pretty near the investment class. The officials frankly stated that the increase in dividend to 9 per cent. was to make the stock sufficiently attractive so that additional shares could be readily marketable. Money evidently was needed for improvements and expansion and issuing of new shares was a quick and comparatively inexpensive plan of raising funds. The new stock was quickly disposed of and intimations have been given that the company can maintain the 9% rate on the increased capitalization.

J., COVINGTON, KY.: The Ohio Oil Company has increased its surplus to about \$75,000,000, but it has been acquiring large amounts of new and valuable property. You may be sure that the reduction in dividend was due to sound and conservative reasons. If for a time the dividend rate should not advance, the history of the leading Standard Oil companies is such as to inspire confidence in your stock.

S., FLORENCE, S. CAR.: Texas Company's stock and Sinclair Oil 7 1/2s have merit and can prudently be held. The White Oil Company has large holdings and a considerable surplus, but the latter may seem questionable, as due to the valuation placed by the company on its lands. The working capital of the organization is small. Dividends appear remote. One of the chief industries of Texas is the organizing of new oil companies and the floating of their stocks. The promoters of these organizations for the most part, chiefly profit by the transaction.

B., TWO HARBORS, MINN.: It would seem prudent to buy U. S. Rubber pfd., Westinghouse Electric common and Swift & Co. stock. Agitation against the packers and Swift & Co.'s recent issue of notes were not built factors in the case of the stock. The regular dividend, however, was lately declared.

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The well-known firm of Morton, Lackenbruch & Co., 42 Broad Street, New York, members of several exchanges, will mail to any address booklet A-100, "Profits in Foreign Bonds and Exchange." It explains the fundamentals influencing the course of foreign exchange and their bearing on prices of foreign securities, and it will interest all who hold or contemplate buying foreign issues. Any active stock or bond listed on the Stock Exchange and selling at over \$5 per share can be obtained on easy instalments, extending over twelve or twenty-four months, under the Liberty Plan of partial payments operated by the Russell Securities Corporation, 25 Broadway, New York. Securities may be obtained in this way from one share up. Complete details of the plan are given in booklet B-88, which the Russell Corporation will send to any applicant.

Everybody who wants to succeed as a business man or investor will do well to become a regular reader of the widely known "Bache Review." It contains many valuable suggestions. Copies free on application to J. S. Bache & Co., members N. Y. Stock Exchange, 42 Broadway, New York.

Puts and calls guaranteed by members of the New York Stock Exchange are offered by S. H. Wilcox & Co., 233 Broadway, New York, and the firm's descriptive circular L will be sent to anybody on request.

Even some dealers in securities have caught the deflation spirit. Charles H. Clarkson & Co., 66 Broadway, New York, have reduced from one-quarter point to one-eighth point the premium charged on purchase of one

share to one hundred shares in the case of fifty-four listed stocks. The firm's monthly payment terms have also been lowered, making it easier for investors to avail themselves of prevailing attractive prices for sound issues. Clarkson & Co. are odd lot specialists and will supply a copy of their revised partial payment plan on request for booklet L W-72.

Many a man has found the pathway to independence by purchasing first-class securities on the partial payment plan. Dunham & Co., 43 Exchange Place, New York, offer the advantages of their monthly instalment plan in the acquiring of sound securities selling at remarkably low prices. This chance appeals particularly to people of limited means, who can thus buy as good issues as the big capitalists. The firm will furnish on request list 108-D-D, which describes secure stocks of high yield, and also booklet describing the monthly instalment plan.

The G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Company, Miami, Fla., calls attention to Miami first mortgages in which savings may be invested and obtain a yield of 8%, which is ample security for the money deposited with the company. Full details are contained in the firm's Booklet B-22, which every applicant may receive.

The method of buying securities on partial payments has become very popular in the United States. The odd lot buyers under this plan have become a power in the financial market. E. L. Wittmeyer & Co., Inc., 42 Broadway, New York, present their twenty-four payment plan to thrifty investors, who may start with moderate sums and gradually acquire high-grade dividend-paying securities. The firm's "Fortnightly Review," guiding readers to suitable purchases, will be sent to any applicant for L W-719.

There can be no question of the usefulness of such a publication as the "Ready Reference Book" to every investor and trader. It gives high and low prices of all active stocks and bonds for the past month. It is issued by Scott & Stump, specialists in odd lots, 40 Exchange Place, New York, and will be mailed on request for B-106, together with the current issue of "Investment Survey," No. 206, and booklet P-306, showing how to invest savings.

Will We Talk to Mars?—(Concluded from page 600)

General Manager of the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company, as follows:

"Proof that these messages come from another planet lies in the fact that their wave length is almost ten times that produced by our most powerful stations. The maximum length of waves produced by radio stations in the world to-day is 17,000 meters. . . . Until Marconi conducted his experiments on his yacht, the *Electra*, in the Mediterranean several months ago, radio receiving apparatus was capable of receiving wave lengths up to 24,000 meters. His receiving apparatus was tuned to many times this figure. With this he picked up waves estimated at 150,000 meters, and their regularity disproved any belief that they were caused by electrical disturbances."

These facts seem to be undoubted, though they do not, of course, prove that these messages were received from Mars.

Influenced by facts such as these, a titanic effort is now to be made to come to closer grips with our neighbor planet.

not alone by wireless messages, but by actual vision. A gigantic telescope is to be erected in a mine-shaft in Chile, greater than anything ever before known. The shaft is to be sixty feet in diameter, and a magnification of 25,000,000 times will theoretically be obtained. This will bring Mars within about a mile and a half of the earth (that is, optically) so that any life or activity upon its surface would readily be observable. Only a small part of the planet would thus be observed, it is true, and this spot would be moving rapidly past the telescope, but enough could probably be observed to insure some positive conclusions. In 1924 Mars will be within 35,000,000 miles of the earth, so that observations made at that time would be under the most favorable conditions.

The scientific work connected with the building and operation of this giant telescope is to be under the supervision of Prof. David Todd, of Amherst, a well-known astronomer, and is to be liberally supported financially.

Why Most Track Athletes Fail at Football

(Concluded from page 593)

condition. He still had years of track work ahead of him, and however hard he tried to forget his legs, he could not in a game. So as a football player of great promise, Kelly did not amount to much. It has been one of the regrets of his life. But it simply could not be helped. All the fighting courage of his nature could not make him overcome that instinct of leg preservation.

That same year that same college had the world champion sprinter, Howard Drew, and with Kelly this pair formed the fastest football combination in the country. But their yardage for the

season looked very much like a private's income tax. They had been trackmen entirely too long.

Kirksey believes that his track days are over. He feels that he has run his best races. He does not care to protect his muscles any longer, or to look after his legs with that tender watchfulness which was necessary when he was using them so vigorously. He believes he can hold his own with any other athlete. He is a wonderful fighter. He knows a great deal about the game already. His Rugby experience will stand him in hand. And so he has gone out for halfback at Stanford.

Smothered in Star Dust

(Concluded from page 602)

no longer tolerated. In its place—induced by the rather appalling intimacy of the “close-up”—has come a new type of acting—a simple, direct naturalness. The cinema actor has learned that his best effects are gained by standing still and thinking in the depths of his heart the emotions that he wishes to get over to the audiences. He has learned that the less he does the more effective is the response.

Lillian Gish is without doubt one of the greatest tragediennes of all time. It is her good fortune to have attained this goal of art in the full glow and glory of her youth. Most women have learned to act tragedy only after they were too old to make the tragedies of youth convincing. And the real tragedies of life are the tragedies of youth.

Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin have given comedy a new touch that the comedians of the past were not able to achieve. Richard Barthelmess and Charles Ray have brought a certain sincere, wistful humor to the screen. Sessue Hayakawa, the Japanese, has acted in some roles that stamp him as a sincere artist of the highest type.

Beyond these the screen has done very little. The movie stars have murdered their opportunities. They are the traitors of art.

They have turned our attention to them to the exclusion of everything else that we made heroes of. We have sat still and listened—and they haven't had anything to say.

In the matter of private morals and conduct I imagine that the cinema heroes are no worse than any other collection of young people with too much money and not enough brains.

They had and have a great responsibility to be the guiding light of the great masses of the world. And they don't try. They just sell the goods.

It is clear that something ought to be done about it; but I can't imagine what it would be.

I take it that most sensible people will dismiss censorship as being a cheap political device for the entertainment and support of political spinsters of both sexes. It is impossible, of course, for any frail human to devise a set rule to divide the dramatic sheep from the dramatic goats. None but a super mind—or super soul—could really censor motion pictures—or morals in any other form.

No; the remedy must come from within the hearts of the movies folk themselves.

Painful as it may seem to their pleasure-loving souls, having spoiled the other heroes for us—having dimmed our other illusions—they have taken upon themselves the responsibility of being the leader of the Crusade; they have chosen for themselves the rôle of the Great Light. It is up to them to act the part.

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Leslie's Letter Box



AN EX-SERVICE MAN'S THANKS

To the Editor of LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

It gives me pleasure to take this opportunity of extending my appreciation to you for the timely editorial under date of October 8, entitled, "Canada's Example." This applies also to the article of Mr. McNutt on the subject.

As a war veteran and a victim of the recent depression in which every dollar of savings was lost as well as position, I can look with interest upon the plan our neighboring country is pursuing to get her war veterans back upon a sound footing. If our Government and our people could exercise more wisdom and less politics it might be possible to bring about some kind of plan for substantially aiding the war veterans, nearly a million of whom are now unemployed and fighting for a meal as hard as they fought in the war.

There is no question but what a large part of the patriotism of three years ago has left its high plane and the ex-service man is now fighting starvation in a land of plenty.

May your good work in behalf of the veterans' cause continue and perhaps our children will see the visible outcome of whatever is done for the vets.

Respectfully yours,
A. H. HENLEY.

Winston-Salem, N. C.
October 7, 1921.

THE FRENCH TOURIST TAX

To the Editor of LESLIE'S WEEKLY:

I am informed that your weekly published recently an article about the so-called "Tourist Tax" in France. I do not know the date of this publication, but understand the article stated that the tax is Frs. 6 per person per day.

I am the representative in America of the "FRENCH GOVERNMENT TOURIST INFORMATION OFFICE," and I feel sure that you will like to have accurate information as to the present status of the tax on tourists in France. The so-called "Tourist Tax" is applied equally to French persons as well as foreigners who visit certain resorts in France, like Vittel, Vichy and other similar watering places.

This tax is not applied at the present time to the city of Paris, and it varies between 10 centimes to a maximum of (in certain cases) two (2) francs per day per person with reduction for large families. As you will see, this tax works out at the present rate of exchange to a minimum of 8 mills to 16 cents per day per person, and in no case does it equal Frs. 6 per day or anything like that sum.

Yours very truly,

OFFICE FRANCAIS DU TOURISME,
J. PERRET, Directeur.

New York,

September 7, 1921.

The Country Doctor—(Concluded from page 605)

he had worked at home long enough to see the absolute limitations of a career among those plain, cautious farmer folk. It would have been easy to make out a conclusive case to the effect that his large duty to humanity ought to take him into the wider field.

But after a period of careful consideration, the doctor declined the offer. One of his best friends wanted to know why. "Well," he explained deprecatingly, "you see my folks here are getting old, and they depend on me: it doesn't seem quite fair to go off."

So he settled down to his job; and for, I don't know how many years he has been an institution in the hundred square miles surrounding the old home where his great-grandfather lived before him.

Not only has he kept up with the times professionally, and given his neighbors a grade of medical skill which ordinarily would be far beyond their purses—wherever there has been any community improvement in the last twenty-five years, you'll be apt to find the doctor has had a finger in it, from establishing a model little library, with a finer collection of local history than most of the great city institutions, and gathering and publishing at his own expense the interesting history of our town, to getting up a pageant that would give these hard-working folk more sense of local pride and common interest.

He meets them on their own ground; his potatoes are apt to be the earliest; his apples fetch the highest price; his flower garden is surely the finest in our

county and I doubt if there are many in the State to compare with it; his home is a model of a well-kept, beautiful, old-fashioned but comfortable country place.

This home, by the way, is generally full, for besides his own children, and those he has adopted, there are usually some relations or friends who need a stay within its hospitable walls.

The big world outside has come to him in these years; he is called to the city, his professional brethren have honored him with repeated elections to society presidencies, he numbers famous men and women among his close friends.

But I never hear him now tell one of his good stories—like the tale of the old tight-fisted farmer who declared he'd rather die than pay \$50 for a needed operation—and did die! Or hear him say in intimate talk that he wishes he could do his work without charging any fees at all; or see his eye light up over a superb dahlia or a rare antique chair, without thinking of that early choice to use what gifts he had in his quiet neighborhood, nor without a real delight in the realization that there are such men left.

It's a fine thing to have one's hand on the levers of the vast modern machine of civilization. But we're a little apt to forget nowadays in America that the most wonderful machine of all is a human being; and surely to do what the doctor has done quietly for some thousands of human beings, for a generation past, is to be a true citizen of this democracy, to help make the world a better place to live in.

History in the Making

EYES of the world will focus on Washington within a few days when the Armament Conference called by President Harding assembles there.

Lips of the world are asking: "Will it realize the age-old hope of permanent peace for mankind?"

Ears of the world will strain anxiously for a message that will herald definite relief from the crushing burden of armaments and the menace of War.

Distinguished statesmen of our own and other great nations of the earth will be gathered in Washington and every phase of the coming international parley will be of vital, historical importance—"News that *Makes us Think*."

LESLIE'S WEEKLY for sixty-six years has been reflecting and interpreting the news at home and abroad that has made history. In keeping with this traditional policy Leslie's will provide its readers in forthcoming issues with a variety of carefully chosen articles by noted expert writers illuminating the various problems and activities which promise to make the Armament Conference a turning point in human history. Mr. Herbert Corey's splendid article in this issue is a fair sample.

Every issue of **LESLIE'S WEEKLY** is filled with informative, interesting, entertaining articles—the kind you like to read—and plenty of striking pictures—the kind you like to see. *Don't miss LESLIE'S this week or any week.*

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